

The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

At the time of writing the decision of Mr. Justice Stuart in the case against the mayor and aldermen has not been given. Controversy over the direct issues involved have very properly been suspended in the meanwhile. The truce should last throughout the whole summer. Whatever Mr. Bouillon's failings and whatever the rights of the council in the matter, we cannot afford to have everything put up in the air, as it undoubtedly would be by the dismissal of the public utilities commissioner with the season's work just upon us. That would be the worst disaster that could take place under the circumstances.

At the present moment the city's business is going along fairly smoothly. To disturb it further would be folly. The programme of operations calls for an outlay of a million dollars. Despite defects that Mr. Bouillon may have as an administrator, and granting that the worst that has been said to his detriment in recent weeks is true, this money must be spent to better advantage under his direction than it would be if he were summarily dismissed at the present moment and new arrangements made.

It would not be possible to get a thoroughly competent man to take his place except after considerable delay and when he did get on the spot, it would take some time for him to get his bearings. If he plunged immediately into the work without due preliminary investigation, it would be convincing evidence that he was not the man for the post. The result would be that we should have a choice between delay or bungling in the prosecution of the different enterprises that we have ahead of us.

The only wise policy is accordingly to leave things as they are till the autumn and then take up the whole question of reorganization anew.

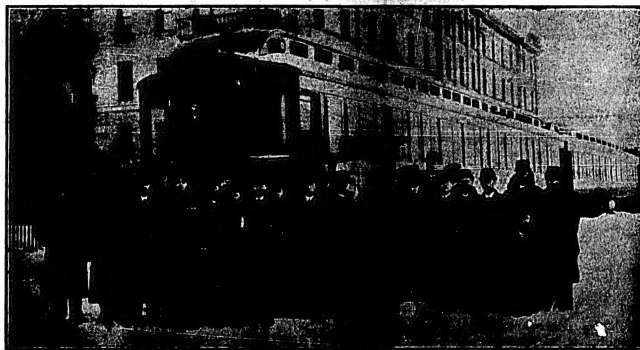
In suggesting this, one must recognize that it is not only the council that has a duty in the matter. The mayor and the majority of the aldermen should sink their feelings for the time being and act in conjunction with Mr. Bouillon so that the city's work may go on properly. At the same time a little less pugnaciousness and a milder manner of utterance on his part would help materially in effecting the result aimed at.

In defence of the commissioner's combativeness, some of my friends say that he could not be mealy-mouthed with such a set of men as those on the council board. But they are surely entitled to be treated with respect both on their own account and as the people's representatives. They have committed undoubted errors of judgment but nothing has been brought to light to show that they were acting from any improper motives. Once it was shown that they were not reliable guardians of the city's interests, public opinion could be depended upon to force an immediate change. But so long as they remain in office, they must insist on those who are responsible to them adopting an attitude in keeping with their position. This is something that Mr. Bouillon, if he is wise and wishes to show himself worthy of the support of the large number of citizens who have expressed their confidence in him, should not lose sight of.

Figures have been published from time to time showing the amounts paid during the past few years to firms with which two of the aldermen are connected. What these are supposed to establish is not at all clear. Alderman Grindley's firm received very considerable amounts in 1907 and 1909, but he was not then a member of the council. The contracts were let by tender. His firm had surely as good a right to tender as any other. As for Alderman Mould, the company of which he is a stockholder sold the city over \$38,000 worth of goods in 1909, when he was not in the council, and only a trifle over \$5,000 worth in 1910, after he had become an alderman. On general principles it is a good thing to make it a rule that contracts should not be let to companies that aldermen have anything to do with, but certainly these figures do not go to prove that the gentlemen in question have made undue use of their positions.

The Daily Capital has a long argument against the commissioners' system of civic government as we have it in Edmonton and urges the elimination of the council and the direct election of commissioners after the plan followed in Des Moines, the right of recall hanging over the commissioners' heads at all times after the fashion of the sword which did duty in the case of the late Mr. Damocles.

Delegates to the National Builders' Convention Held in Winnipeg, Feb. 15-18, 1911.



The above photo was taken in Winnipeg, and shows the private car used by the delegates, and in the background part of the Royal Alexandra Hotel. Edmonton was represented by the following: Messrs. Batson, Boughton, Frost, Phaeasey, Grant, Anderson, Frith, Bremner, Desilets, Robertson, Beals, Watts, and Secretary Wetmore.

Without attempting to argue the matter out at this time, I should like to range myself definitely as opposed to any such change. It appeals to me as contrary to the fundamental ideas underlying British governmental institutions. All that the electors are entitled to ask a man who consents to serve them is what are his general ideas on matters of public policy and what his personal qualifications are. Having satisfied themselves in regard to these matters, citizens will serve their interests best by leaving him for a reasonable length of time to work out the various problems with which he is confronted.

No man that is worth while would accept a post in which he is forced to keep his ear constantly to the ground to detect movements against him and from which he is liable to be thrust out at any time before an adequate chance has been given him to show that his actions are for the public good.

The referendum and recall idea assumes an all wise democracy. As a matter of fact we know that gusts of feeling arise from time to time, to pay heed to all of which would produce the greatest instability and make real progress impossible. The sober second thought of the people can usually be depended upon, but we have not reached the stage in enlightenment, and it is extremely unlikely that we ever shall, when sudden appeals to popular passion will not meet with a response which is not for the permanent public good.

We place checks even on representative public bodies in the form of second chambers and if properly organized they undoubtedly serve a useful purpose. They exist to mitigate just such evils as would be largely accentuated under a system of direct legislation.

The subject is a large one and in view of the prominence that is being given to the suggestions for changes along these lines will stand a lot of discussion. But enough has been said to show why if properly worked out the commissionership system that is now in force in Edmonton should be very much more in the public interests than that which obtains in Des Moines.

There is such a thing as making a fetish of an idea and it is very necessary that we should guard against laying such stress on the democratic principle that we cannot observe its limitations. I recognize that this is not the language of the mob orator and that any aspiring politician who used it in this country would be prejudiced in the minds of many. But there is a need for the protest nevertheless.

The reading of the daily press during the past week or so impresses one with the fact that there is a great deal about electric power projects that the citizens of Edmonton and the members of the council have yet to learn. Steps should be taken to secure as complete information on the problem as possible before anything, in the way of such ex-

penditures on a power plant as are contemplated, is submitted to the people.

The government, it seems, requires time in making a decision as to the plan to bring power from the Athabasca. If we do not make a move immediately some private corporation may step in and acquire the rights that we desire and hold us up later. This being the case, existing regulations must be such as should not be tolerated for a moment. With limited water power available within moderate distance of centres of population, these should unquestionably be so administered that the public at large is fully protected in regard to them.

It stands to reason that power can be much more economically brought to the city from Rocky Rapids, sixty-six miles to the west than from Grand Rapids, 230 miles to the north. It would accordingly pay us to make a bargain with the company in control at the former point than establish our own plant at the latter, provided that at the former a sufficient quantity can be obtained to meet our needs for a reasonable length of time. It is assumed that 10,000 horse power will be needed for a population of 75,000. That Edmonton will have more people than that before very long is certain. What we should know, therefore, is how much beyond 10,000 horse power may be obtained at Rocky Rapids.

The proposal that we should go ahead with the Grand Rapids scheme and then dispose of our surplus power outside the city is full of dangers. We cannot afford to take the chance involved in arranging for a supply greatly in excess of the demand in sight.

What is needed is the appointment of an investigating committee to take up the whole problem, seeking the experience of municipalities elsewhere throughout the continent and securing all the information possible as to what sources of supply are available near at hand. To ask the people to approve of a three million dollar outlay on a power scheme, when everyone is still so largely in the dark, is quite unreasonable. We want something done but we desire to act intelligently in the matter.

The possibility of a general election is being seriously discussed as a result of an Ottawa dispatch to the Toronto Globe hinting at a dissolution. Two weeks ago the opinion was expressed on this page that the cabinet would like nothing better than a good excuse to go to the country and that the talk about its not having a mandate to take up the reciprocity negotiations, if continued, might lead to that result.

If this happened, it would involve a very grave injustice to the West and it would spell disaster to the Conservative party. The western provinces are already seriously under-represented at Ottawa and to elect another House before redistribution on the basis of this year's census would create a situation full of danger. It would be in the West,

under these new conditions and with the reciprocity issue out of the way, that the opposition would make its largest gains. The government forces have been badly led on this side of the lakes and everything has been tending to their complete confusion when the next test at the polls comes. With the gradual loosening of Sir Wilfrid's hold on the east, this would in all human probability have meant a Conservative premier. But with an election in the immediate future and the issue as laid down by Mr. Sifton and Prof. Leacock, the Liberals would go back with a very largely increased majority. No one can have followed Canadian newspapers in recent weeks without realizing this.

If one wants to appreciate what western sentiment is, he need not go beyond the action of Mr. Haultain and his twelve Conservative colleagues in the Saskatchewan legislature. Nor are there compensating results from a Conservative standpoint in the East. No one who knows what the opening of the American markets means to the maritime provinces can doubt what would happen there. Even in the larger centres of Ontario and Quebec, where the opposition to the agreement expresses itself most forcibly, opinion is very much divided. The discreditable incident at McGill University, the other day, shows how high feeling runs in favor of the tariff change. Even in the manufacturing city of Brantford, the Liberal member for which deserted the government on this issue, a resolution approving of his action passed the Board of Trade by only four of a majority, the vote standing 50 to 48.

By placing the Conservative party on record as opposed to the entrance of our products to the United States, its leaders have succeeded in making the elements that were dissatisfied with the government's tariff policies forget all about its failure to live up to its promises. Western members and newspapers may call as loudly as they like for a reduction of duties on articles that the farmer buys, as Mr. Lake did in the House this week and as the Winnipeg Telegram has been doing constantly, but this can have no effect in view of the official attitude of the party towards what has actually been done. The Liberals, the farmers argue, are not disposed to give us what we want in the way of the reduction of Canadian duties but they at least are quite willing to do what they can to let us market our own products to the best advantage. The whole attitude of the opposition towards the negotiations has been one of crass political stupidity. It could not possibly have played more successfully into the government's hands.

A Word As To Ourselves

The publishers of The Saturday News desire to thank the many readers of the paper who have during the past week expressed their appreciation of the enlargement and general improvement which it has recently. The financial Supplement is a new feature which has aroused much interest and that it will be the means of doing much useful publicity work for Edmonton and the territory which looks to the city as a centre there is no question. As a medium for all advertising of a financial character, it will stand in a class by itself. An extensive circulation campaign is being carried which is expected to have the result of greatly enlarging the scope and influence of the publication. Considering the variety of interests which The Saturday News serves, there should be little difficulty in bringing this about. After five years of existence it has made a distinct place in the life of the community and with the expansion of population and the increase of prosperity it confidently looks forward to keep pace. If you are not on our regular list, would it not be wise to forward your subscription money. Delivered anywhere in Edmonton for two dollars per year and \$1.50 to outside points.



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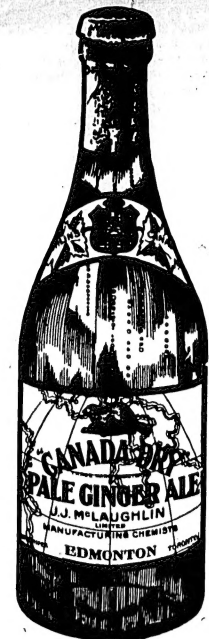
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Wisdom

(By Peter McArthur)
I heard, within my chamber pent.
The dawn's reveille blown;
I rose and found the world intent
On business of its own.
The birds were singing as they
wrought,
The south wind was astir,
With spring's light-hearted gossip
fraught.
I heard the buds confer.

No hand had sown the lavish seed
That clothed the earth with green;
And who had taught the trees their
need
Of such a leafy screen?
Before man came with conquering
sardie
Their wondrous work began,
And haply these again shall hide
The proudest works of man.

The wisdom I have sought is here
And with no seeking found:
It journeys with the fruitful year
In an eternal round.
And while the changing seasons pass
I'll watch them ebb and flow,
And when God whispers to the grass,
I, too, shall learn to grow.

The Heart of a Boy

A wonder was there ever a more
Heavenly day than this (Monday)
If there are seasons in Paradise,
I think it will be always Spring.
Spring, "the boy-age of the year," as
Edwin Markham has it. That time
when birds sing maddest; when the
brooks run full-like the overflow
of young hearts; the showers "drop
easily-as young deer's flow; the whole
sky is as capricious as the mind of a
boy, and heavy, drunken flies tumble
drowsily against the window panes.
Fiest! The torments of coming
days, now only the heralds of the love-
liest season in all the year.

The "boy-age!"
Yesterday, cloying out "the boy's"
room, a slight comprehension of the
term came home to me.
Boys are very wonderful crea-
tures really, and take a heap of
knowing I have only "learned" on
one boy, but I know that I am quite
correct in making the statement.

Grown-ups you can catalogue.
A doctor, a lawyer, a merchant,
a thief. But a boy-why he can be
all these, and a thousand more rolled
into one in the space of one short
hour.

In one toy basket I think I found
something like this:
An air-ship, some screws and nails,
a false face, a collection of pegs-and
supposedly lost-alloys. A quaint
spinning top, a book on birds, part
of a toy pistol, relics of an alarm
clock, some string and bits of elastic,
a varied collection of stamps, and
cobs and cuds in countless numbers.

Think of the variety of interests
represented in such a collection! His
room took hours of going over.
There were bird-eggs to handle care-
fully, and supposed "trash" that I
found out (from him) was really very
valuable stuff indeed, from his point
of view.

I don't pretend to enter into the
heart or mind of a boy yet-but to-
day among his possessions has caught
my much. These are worlds within
this old world of ours.

Give a boy a jack-knife, a nail or
two, and some bits of string, and I'll
trust him to discover every one of them.

The Dog Regulations

Of course I was really very much
stirred up over it the night I first read
of it.

"Doggies to be led on a chain, and
if found at large, after so many hours
shot in the leg-and old markers
telling a practice shot at well-then
fallen up with a wet blanket, and
so on."

The bit read like a survival of the
Middle Ages. Upon enquiry, how-
ever, I found that the news item was
only intended as a joke, though, I

think myself it needs a "tag" to acen-
tuate it.

Our City Fathers may be a ran-
nuncious collection of gentlemen,
but they are not trying any rival act
with the old Spanish Inquisition.

The plain and unvarnished inter-
pretation of the new by-law is briefly
this--Even so I had it from a pro-
minent officer of the Kennel Club.

That whereas in the past, there had
been a very great deal of annoyance
caused by tagless curs, and vicious
and quarrelsome dogs, (many of them
properly tagged were running at
large) snapping and barking, and
otherwise frightening pedestrians and
horses, it was deemed advisable to
frame a by-law that would empower
the officers of the law to deal with
both classes, and put down the mis-
sant.

To accomplish the purpose, fairly
strict measures had to be taken. The
wild and ownerless dogs were readily
handled, but how to get at the more
difficult proposition of tax payers
who insisted on keeping canines that
were a positive danger and menace to
the community.

After deliberation, the Kennel Club
decided, (and being genuine dog-lov-
ers they cannot be accused of inhu-
manity) that the officers of the law
must be given power to "snatch" any
dog found "roaming" at large, or un-
attended by its master.

Back of the decision is sound sense.
By "roaming" is meant a dog who
lives on the street. No animal that
keeps in the vicinity of his own home,
or trots decently down town with
his master, will be molested. Dogs,
however, who make a practice of
cessant barking, who rush out at
people and horses, frightening both out
of their senses, will, tag, or no tag,
in future be gathered in. Dogs of
this character have no right to live.
A vicious man, though he be one of
our own human kind, we lock up.
Why then should dogs of such pre-
dispositions be permitted to roam at
large.

In the past there has been much
abuse of the dog-license act.

A man, who paid two dollars for
his dog, seemed to think that act
gave him particular pup the privilege
of misconducting himself as he had
a mind to.

To have such a dog "punished" or
put out of the way, it was necessary
to swear out a complaint against it.
It was witnesses--often difficult
to procure--and usually meant strain-
ed relations between the informant
and the man who owned the brute.
For the sake of saving unpleasant-
ness, many offenders were let go im-
mune. In future, however, a man
will merely have to call up the police
department. (This name will not ap-
pear) and the dog complained of,
after an inquiry into his habits, will
at once be dealt with.

With summer coming on, and an
army of homeless dogs thronging the
streets, this is only a wise precaution.
If the police exercise a little com-
mon sense in righting the nuisance, I
think few dog-owners will question
their authority.

All that troubles me is how the
dogs are to be disposed of.

I don't know (though someone who
ought to, assures me they are chloro-
formed) what method is in vogue
at present. It is a matter the Hu-
mane Society might very well look
into, but I trust I may be allowed to
express the hope that humane, and
then smothering with wet blankets,
does not enter into the procedure.

"What do you mean by Art?"

I have a friend who suffers from a
disconcerting habit. He likes to find
out whether people know what they
are talking about.

One day recently he was in com-
pany with several men and women
of culture who were discussing
certain books, pictures and men-
sures were "artistic" or not. He listened
for some time, then he said quietly:

"What do you mean by Art?"
They looked at one another. They

none of them knew what they did
mean. So they said to him: "Don't be
an idiot," and went on with their talk.

How many people as a matter of
fact know what they do mean by Art
or Culture?

Everybody speaks of it, and de-
spises its lack, but in reality their
ideas are very vague.

So and so we say has an "artistic"
house. Well an artistic house is an
emotional house. That sounds ab-
surd. But it is not absurd at all.
Take the outside of the house. If
the architect was a man who felt the
beauty of right proportions, of good
coloring for bricks and trimmings
and so on, then the house will en-
shrine his meaning, his emotion, and
communicate it to others. In the
same way the inside may express the
owner's feeling for what is pleasant
and shapely, and so be emotional too.

We talk a great deal about Art
and Culture without appreciating
what either term means.

A dear friend dashes up and asks
if I have read "The Orchid."
"The Deliverance" or some such
book, and gazes awestruck that I
haven't heard of it.

"There's a woman who poses to be
well-read," her eye accuses, "who,
as a matter of fact, doesn't know as
much about the new books as I do
myself. No Art or Culture there."

But that's where definitions disa-
gree.

Her type, the "Have you read a
perfectly dandy new book-----hy-
-----" always reminds me of dear
old Joe Gargery's reading in "Great
Expectations"-----

"Eh, Pp, I'm a common found
of reading uncommon! Give me a
book or a newspaper and set me down
afore a good fire, and I ask no bet-
ter. Lort! when you do come across
a 'P' or a 'G', and you says 'Jo,'
'how interesting reading is'!"

Today, in the west, Culture is a
new growth. Art too has only be-
gun to become acclimatized.

We are so busy trying to master
that little about everything, which
the times and country almost seem
to demand, that we can never get
beyond the "Jo, Joe" stage.

When we have leisure, and one must
almost add it, more money, we may
hope to become "cultured" and "artis-
tic." Today we are too busy con-
sidering the dollar, and cents and
bread and butter aspect of life.

More and more:
We pursued our business with un-
slackening stride,
And glance and nod, and bustle by;
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

Buying a Hat

Men make sport of the trials of
women over the purchase of a spring
bonnet. A recent cartoon by Mc-
Cabe, the genial satirist of the
Chicago Tribune, suggests that men
also have their troubles.

The cartoon shows the customer
in a shop, demanding the latest style
in straw hats. A tailor shape is of-
fered, and he tries it on. The face
that looks at him from the mirror is
so different from the one to which
he has been accustomed all winter
that the hat is rejected unhesitating-
ly. Then an Alpine Panama is tried.
It is followed by others of different
shapes. Not one is satisfactory to
him, and he departs, still wearing his
raff winter derby.

Many a young man has had a sim-
ilar experience. The older men have
learned what style of a straw hat
they like, and wear one of the same
shape year after year. Even they
are sometimes almost ready to yield
to the desire for variety. Yet, in
nine cases out of ten, after trying on
all the other shapes, they call for one
of the old style.

The psychological situation is no
the same when one buys a silk hat.
No young man ever tried on such a
hat without a feeling of gratification
that it was so becoming. Behind the
justification, and largely responsible
for it, lies the long-cherished desire
to have a "stove-pipe" hat. It is a
two sizes too big for him, it makes
little difference. The fact that it is
a "stove-pipe" is enough. He can
face an army, or that more crav-
ing assembly, a group of his female re-
latives, without flinching, conscious
that he is wearing the proper thing.

But there are so many shapes of
straw hats, designed for so many
castes, that to the kind of a man
that go to make up every individual
have a struggle for the mastery when
it comes to which shall have the
hat of his.

Interval

(By Richard Le Gossienne)
I wonder what the spring is like,
If I shall see again,

The glitter on the hawthorn
Of the bright April rain.

I wonder what the sun is like--
I saw it long ago,
And once I saw the moon, and saw
The angel of the snow.

I saw the stars, like ants of gold,
So many and so small,
Oh, life all made of loveliness,
Must I forget it all!

Peggy

A ROYAL FIREMAN

A new light on royal activities is
afforded by an item in Le Gaulois
(Paris) which reminds us that the
late King Edward at one time served
with the firemen of London.

Edward VII., at the time when he
was the Prince of Wales, was a close
friend of the Duke of Sutherland, who
was so greatly interested in every-
thing that pertained to the Fire De-
partment of the English capital that
he had constructed for his own use
a fire-engine of the most recent type,
and he had his domestic servants so
trained that on occasion they could
serve as firemen.

The Duke of Sutherland had made
an arrangement with Sir Massey
Shaw, who was then commandant of
the London Fire Department from 1861
to 1891, to have his luxurious palace,
Stafford House, connected by an elec-
tric bell with the central office of the
Fire Department in London. Every-
time a great fire broke out in the cap-
ital the Duke was immediately not-
ified and steam got up in the fire-en-
gine. He sent a message to the Prince
of Wales at Marlborough House, and
as he went by he picked up his future
sovereign and carried him to the scene of the fire.

When they arrived at the place
where the fire was raging, the Prince
of Wales and the Duke of Sutherland
never failed to put themselves under
the orders of Sir Massey Shaw, and
carried out his orders like the com-
mon firemen.

It was thus that the late King, from
1864 to 1896, took a share in putting
out hundreds of fires.

WHEN IT PASSES

No, Liberty will not complain,
Nor freedom shrink nor go insane.
The sun will not refuse to shine,
Nor hens to lay, we here opine.
The digs will dig decline to bark,
Nor men and maidens cease to spark.

The British Empire will not crash
Into irrevocable smash.
King George will not lay down his
crown,
Nor England's steel clad walls fall
down.

The rain will still descend at times,
As its habits in these climes.

Folks will still weep and winds will
blow,
At morn the early birds will crow.
In fact, we fancy 'twould be foundal
This earth will still keep rolling
round.

And very little change you'll see
When passed is Reciprocity.

While anxious folks, now much
concerned,
Will mutter softly, "I'll be durned,
Where are those words we loudly
feared,
Those horrid ghosts that had us
skered?
They are not here, we're really vexed,
Somehow we're not as yet annexed.

TEN COMMANDMENTS CON- DENSED

A correspondent of the Evening
Sun furnishes a copy of a condensed
and verified Ten Commandments as
he was taught to respect them when
a boy:

Thou shalt have no other gods but
Me.

Before no idol bow the knee.
Take not the name of God in vain.
Nor dare the Sabbath to profane.
Give both thy parents honor due.
Take heed that thou no murder do.
Obtain from words and deeds un-
clean.

Nor steal, though thou art poor and
mean.
Tell not a wilful lie, nor love it
And what is thy neighbor's do not
covet.



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Read the 'News'



A man in Cardston has had his stomach removed and is very happy without it. Nor, living in a local opinion district, can he fully appreciate just what a relief it is to have it out of the way. One wonders, with a case like this in view, just what kind of creatures we shall be when the surgeons get through with us. The possibilities of happiness to be acquired through cutting out this and that organ are immense. It was doubtless with such an operation as that of our Cardston friend in mind that an English poet penned the following—a year or so ago:

Alas! that I was born too soon,
Before the surgeon's knife
Has learned the way to give the boon
Of long-extended life!
I still must be my stomach's slave,
My large intestine's prey,
Because I know no surgeon brave
Who'll cut them out to-day.
I care not for the aeroplane
Or gyroscopic car;
For me the poles are sought in vain—
What matter where they are?
The only science that appears
Of value in my eyes
Is that which promises more years
To man before he dies.

O men of science, cease, I pray
To wrestle with the air,
Put charts of polar seas away—
For warmer work prepare:
Prepare the anaesthetic, grip
The keen and glittering knife,
And through our innards let it rip
To give us longer life!

As an example of genial rural philosophy, the meanderings of the Beaver Lake correspondent of the Vegreville Observer are hard to beat. The following strikes me as too good not to be given a wider circulation:

"I am not surprised that some of our friends should have decided to remove to Vegreville. Of course we envy them very much, but few could do this; they couldn't stand it. The sudden change from the almost unearthly calm of Beaver Lake to the maelstrom of feverish life that surges through main street between the Queens and the Alberta would be too much for any but the most strongly balanced minds. I wonder if the telephone has anything to do with this ethic evolution; I don't suppose so. I heard an argument the other day as to whether the telephone, the promiscuous, general purpose, for all the people all the time telephone, really does more good than harm, or the reverse. There is a subject for a debate, if any debating societies still exist in the country. It is not easy to decide, because the advantages are all moral, and the drawbacks are all moral, and arithmetic teaches that we can't cash up a balance with units of different kinds. The facilities of intercourse it affords are most valuable; but whether it enhances the feeling of delicacy and self respect in a community and leads to loving one's neighbors as oneself seems more doubtful. People get into the way of putting the wrong ear in the right place and when they thus discover what their best friends really think of them it breeds a momentary coolness, and it's a bad example for the kids; they get to learn that it's all right to flatter which is much the same as peeping through a keyhole or opening other people's letters, and they hear all the gossip flitting around. If I had a family of young children I don't know that I would want the 'phone unless I were sufficiently high-minded to set them a good example."

These who have never lived in England find it hard to understand why Englishmen will not learn to reverse when they walk. A letter which a lady signing herself "Chaperone" sends to the London Daily Mail affords an explanation. She expresses her horror at the innovation, she

has noted at different times and tells how the late King would not tolerate them. "Anyone" she adds, "at Buckingham Palace having the temerity to reverse was at once rebuked and requested never to do so again." Here's one respect at least in which His present Majesty can improve on his father. Suffering colonials should unite in a petition to him. Conservatives all right in its way but why should social usage assume that it is possible for a human being to spin around like a top and feel like a top at the end of the experiment? How is it that those who do not not reverse show no sign of dizziness? Has long custom made them immune or do they merely succeed in disguising their feelings? The subject is an interesting one and I should like to hear from any readers in regard to it.

A new arrival from France was invited by an old friend to his golden wedding.

"And what is a golden wedding?" he asked.

"Oh, you see, we have lived together for fifty years."

"Oh, charming!" exclaimed the Parisian, "admirable and now you marry her, eh?"

The party at Rostrom's house was a tremendous success; in fact, there was only one hitch during the evening, and this was due to Mr. Rostrom's absent-mindedness. He is an auctioneer by profession, and a keen man at business does not exist. There was time during the evening when Miss Screecher was pressed to sing, and after a good deal of persuasion she consented to oblige with "Autumn," a beautiful ballad which commences, "Ten thousand leaves are falling." Unfortunately, the pitch was a good deal too high. "Ten thousand"—she screamed, and then stopped. "Start her at five thousand," said the absent-minded Rostrom.

One of Lady Reay's recollections is of a dinner party at which she had for her neighbor Gladstone, in happiest mood. He told her of his Eton experiences and tales of terrible licks. Dr. Keate. The latter always had the names of those doomed to be flogged written down on a narrow slip of paper. One day, picking up such a list, he called up for discussion the boys whose names were inscribed upon it. Upon such occasions the delinquents were not permitted to offer explanations, so boy after boy was castigated, and returned to his seat. Now until the operation was complete did he learn that instead of the flogging list, he had picked up the slip on which were the names of the boys about to be confirmed.

A man travelling westward one day left his seat in the crowded dining-car, just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman. When he returned, in spite of the fact that he left a magazine on the chair in the diner, he found a handsome dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could master, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes. "Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?" "My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

An elderly gentleman entered the tailor's shop, and was met by the tailor himself, who welcomed him with a beaming smile.

"My son informs me," said the caller, "that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have come, therefore."

"Oh, pray," interrupted the tailor, "there is really not the slightest hurry, I assure you."

"I know that," was the reply, "and therefore I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you, too."

Father—I never smoked when I was your age. Will you be able to tell that to your son?

Willie—No and keep my face straight as you do, pop!—Puck

The man of the house was looking for his umbrella, and not finding it, asked the members of the family if they had used it.

"I think Sister's beau took it last night," said Harry.

"Why do you think so, my son?"

"Cause, when I was in the hall last

night, I heard him say—'Sister, I believe I'll just steal one.'"

Belshazzler read: Mene mene tekel upharisin."

"Probably my stenographer's translation of 'Your favor of even date received,'" he cried.

Herewith he continued the feast.

A train was reported forty minutes late, and after the time had elapsed a would-be passenger inquired:

"How late is that train?"

"Oh, about an hour late."

The hour passed and the query was repeated.

"Well, they'll be about an hour and twenty minutes late here."

Patience reigned until the query was justly renewed, and the railroad man replied:

"Well, sir, I think that train will be near two hours late."

Whereupon the passenger said:

"Say mister will you kindly tell me which way that train is going?"

The importance of reading post-scripts was impressed upon the Corporation of St. Helen's Lancashire, England, at a recent meeting, when a letter was read from a man claiming compensation for a broken leg. He said he had sustained the injury through slipping on a loose tile which gave way. The letter concluded: "P. S.—The leg is a wooden one, and the damage can be put right for five shillings." The Corporation smiled, and the chairman was empowered to arrange for compensation.—London Daily Mail.

Not long ago a man entered the Montreal City Hall and asked where the bar was.

"The bar," said the astonished official.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I want a drink?"

"But you can't get a drink here," came the reply.

"Why not?" queried the visitor.

"This town isn't dry, is it, and this place is a hotel. I saw the name outside—Hotel de Ville."

HOW DUNCAN MARSHALL HAD TO GO AWAY TO BE APPRECIATED

Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture for Alberta, was in Toronto last week, in company with the Alberta Provincial Secretary, Hon. A. J. McLean, looking into jail and asylum methods here. The daily papers interviewed Mr. Marshall on the reciprocity question. But they are not to do him full justice, for he is a unique character. But that's our way here in the slow old East. After a smart youth has grown up we make him spend about thirty years showing what he can do before we give him a job worth while. If the youth quickly renounces this attitude of ours he goes West and gets to be a judge or a political leader or a millionaire in about thirty days. Mr. Marshall is an outstanding example of the young man who has grown tired of waiting for preferment in Ontario, and who has gone West to be welcomed with brass bands and general acclaim.

Some years ago Mr. Marshall emerged from Grey County with the determination of getting into the political spotlight. And straightway he came organizer for the Patrons of Industry, the farmers' organization, which, for a time, held the "balance of power" in the Ontario Legislature. He and Mr. Mallory, of Colborne, were orators who set the heather, or rather the hayfields ablaze with enthusiasm for agricultural co-operation. But the quick, hot flame died down, and Mr. Marshall became a temperance orator. And all this was leading up to recognition as a political factor. After a while the Liberal party did wake up to the fact that Mr. Marshall was an extraordinary revival, renaissance, or whatever you might call it, of the genus spellbinder. At that time people were beginning to believe that the race of old-fashioned stump-speakers had passed forever. Mr. Joseph Tait, Mr. Peter Ryan, and all the other notables had gone into retirement, and a delightful phase of electioneering seemed to have become but a tradition. Mr. Marshall disproved it. He was, as the classic Jack London has it, the real thing blown in the glass. He had all the familiar qualifications approved by familiar tradition. Reporters simply had to gasp and close their notebooks when he got into

TO OUR PATRONS

WE HAVE CHANGED THE NAME OF
CAPITOL BEER TO

YELLOWHEAD

WHEN ORDERING BE SURE TO
ASK FOR

BY THE

EDMONTON BREWING AND MALTING COMPANY LIMITED



First Loafer: "Wot I likes abt startin' a new year is that all the dis-turbin' rush of Christmas is over!"
Second Loafer: "Ah, same 'ere. An wiv three 'undred and sixty-five days ahead on yer there ain't no call to 'urry over nuffin'!"—Punch.

his stride. He rolled out "clarion calls" just as easy as could be.

His Supremacy Recognized

So the Ontario Liberals at last recognized his supremacy on the stump, and made him a Provincial organizer. He made the most of the opportunity. The writer of these lines had the joyful experience of accompanying Mr. Marshall to a number of meetings in Simcoe County during the two memorable campaigns previous to the downfall of the Ross Government, and seldom since has he enjoyed himself as much. Mr. Marshall in those days had rather a bucolic aspect. One would have almost called him green-looking. But he could talk! And as for political information—he knew it all. Ill-fated it with interrupters and questioners who tried to trip him up. Marshall would throw a little more Scotch aggressiveness into his powerful voice and simply demolished them.

West Honored Him.

All this time he was also running a small weekly paper—the *Clarkburg Reflector*. But latter on he sold it, bought a *Bracebridge paper*, and

went in to make a name for himself in Parliament. But progress here was too slow, so he went west and became editor of Hon. Frank Oliver's newspaper, the *Edmonton Bulletin*. Also, of course, he went into politics. And in Alberta he didn't hire a hall to convince the people that he was a man whom they should delight to honor. They hired halls for him. They thought he was a wonderful speaker, and they didn't hesitate to say so. They believed he was a capable, energetic, public man, and they didn't set him a long period of probation. They sent him to the Legislature in a hurry. Then he was chosen to be Minister of Agriculture.

Duncan Marshall is unique in several ways. And one of the most interesting things about him is the fact, although he is a newspaper man himself, the *Toronto press* knows less about him than about any other man who has half the acquaintances throughout the country. Mr. Marshall has never taken advantage of his connection with the *Fourth Estate* to advertise himself in this great centre of advertising. Neither does he do so in the West.

THE GENTLE ANGLER

(From the New York Times.)

O worm, that on the barbed, unpleasant hook
Wriggles and squirms through all thy spineless length,
Whelmed in the waters of the babbling brook,
Match, now thy whiles against the Spotted Strength.

Where the dark rock lies mirrored in the pool,
Thy pendant tail with luscious promise wave,
With apt similitude of life still fool
The greedy trout, and find in him thy grave.

Well the Dark Secret of the Hook preserve,
Thou twisty Tempter of the finny tribe—
And let seduction beckon in each curve,
Each ripple multiply the toothsome bribe.

Nor gird at Fate, though unrelenting steel
Pierce through thy bosom for an end unknown—
Little she cares how much the striped we feel—
Little our protests move that team of stone.

'Twas thine to struggle blindly on the hook,
And mine to put you there and let you squirm,
And gently drown you in the laughing brook,
Fight as you will, my most impatient Worm.

For Fisherman and Worm alike are clay,
And though we fill the world with noisy strife,
Yet Destiny marks out for each his way—
So, what's the use of kicking? Such is life.

— R. Van Buren.

Read the 'News'

Home and Society

Last week-end was a notable one in the way of receptions, that at Government House on Thursday being remarkable for the number who turned out to it, the beautiful day out of door, and the smart costumes worn by the women, in deference to both hostess and the day. I never saw Mrs. Bulyea looking better, her gown of black Charmeuse satin, veiled in a heavy silk fishnet, with broad bands and sash effect of coin-spotted-moire silk, with exquisite jet garnitures on the bodice, setting off her graceful willowy figure perfectly. A tiny sprig of Shamrock just added enough tone to the whole to emphasize the beauty of an altogether charming toilette.

Throughout the rooms exquisite flowers bloomed in abundance, and sent out the most delightful fragrance. Here a bowl of hyacinths, there a great cluster of tulips—all white—for Mrs. Bulyea's effects are always carefully thought out—here again a pot of Shamrock, carried out the color scheme of the reception room. In the library further glorious odors of Spring flowers assailed one, while the tea-room unveiled a most unique St. Patrick's Day arrangement of the little three-leaved plant with its tiny yellow blossom. Centring the table was an oblong mirror outlined with fern, and holding a great bowl of Shamrocks. Smaller pots were also deposited about, while sandwiches, ices and cakes, all carried out the appropriate decorations. Here Mrs. Duncan Marshall, Mrs. Muir Edwards, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Stuart of Calgary, and Mrs. Geo. Harcourt, modishly and becomingly gowned, did the honors.

Among other callers I noticed the Premier and the Attorney General, Mrs. Horace Harvey, Mrs. Sifton, who came late with Mrs. Sisley of Calgary, who only arrived on that afternoon's train. Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Frank Smith, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Jackson and many others.

"All roads seemed to lead to 'Garrynagh,' the residence of Premier and Mrs. Sifton on Saturday afternoon. Such shoals of modishly-frocked women and top-hatted men, com-

ing and going on Victoria Ave. and Sixth St. on that day, as almost to block the streets.

Within the beautifully illuminated house, with its myriad candle-lights and baskets of fragrant roses, the scene was a most animated one. Everywhere well-known men and women were clustered in little groups, discussing what seemed to be most important affairs, while around Mrs. Sifton and Mrs. Sisley, who received with her, a little court was constantly hovering, that it was almost impossible, at times, to reach the hostess to even pay one's respects.

Mrs. Sifton was wearing an exquisite Paris creation of pale blue Ninon over the same shade of Charmeuse satin. On the skirt was a deep fold of black and white striped silk, and above it ran a wide band of gold insertion, fairy-like in its transparency, and embroidered in silver and pale blues and pinks. At the back of the little Empire-effect waist, were three soft pink scrunchy satin roses, while tiny pink roses decorated the sleeves and bodice and a touch of gold peeped out from under the Ninon, at the front of the décolleté. In the centre panel of the skirt towards the hem was a great bow of the black and white silk. A stunning toilette.

Mrs. Sisley was also elegantly gowned, wearing pale blue satin, with silver and fringe and garniture, and some beautiful white lace.

Out in the peacock room, Mrs. Clark Dennis served tea, wearing a white-embroidered net gown trimmed with bias folds of white satin and a knot of pink hycinths in her belt, that was the essence of chic.

This room has but recently been finished and is a striking arrangement of peacock shades against a white enameled back ground. All the furniture here is gleaming white, while curtains and wall paper are of rich peacock hue.

On Saturday the table was a vision in pale pinks and greens. Wide satin streamers running diagonally across the board, caught at the corners, with great sprays of fern and ribbon bows. In the centre was a crystal basket with a quaint high handle filled with pink roses, while smaller vases and pierced-silver shades

ed candles lent their individual charms. Pink and green baskets of spun-sugar, held pink and green sweets, candies and other most tempting morsels, all reflecting the same lovely tones. Nothing as elaborate has ever been attempted in Edmonton in my time.

Downstairs in the Premier's particular room, all cheery crimson and burnished brass, another table was laid, this time with white hycinths in beaten copper baskets, and crimson-shaded lights. Here fruit-punch was the drink of the hour, and the Premier held a court of his own. In the crowd I could only make out Miss Maud McKenny and Miss McLennan assisting, while I had almost forgotten to mention Mrs. Jack Anderson and Mrs. Hilop looked after the guests in the tea-room.

Among the hosts of callers, I noticed the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Bulyea, the latter looking lovely in palest blue velvet, with gold embroi-

dis, the Hon. C. R. Mitchell, Mr. Leach of Brandon, and Mr. Haylock Babbitt.

The rehearsals for the play, "The Tyranny of Tears," to be put on by the Edmonton Dramatic Club, in Winnipeg the last week in April, in competition for the Governor General's trophy, are going ahead in fine style; every practice showing a very marked improvement.

Reports from Winnipeg describe the elaborate preparations being made for this interesting event, a large number of clubs from all over Canada having signified their intention of entering the competition.

Besides its artistic significance, the affair will be a notable one from a social point of view, and already one hears whispers of shoals of receptions and parties-to-be.

Before going on to Winnipeg, the Club will give three nights and a

her as hostess at a "bard," particulars of which I hope to give next week.

Mrs. John B. Gardiner and daughter of 552 Victoria Ave., will receive for the first time on Friday, March 24th, from 4 to 6 p. m.

Mrs. Cautley will not receive again until after Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Douglas returned to the Capital on Saturday night, both looking the picture of health and most enthusiastic over their trip through the beautiful South. Mrs. Douglas will receive, as usual, the first Thursday in April.

My pen writes very falteringly when it comes to referring to the tragic death of so gay and blithe a spirit, as went out on Tuesday morning, when handsome Berkeley Bishopric breathed his last.

I cannot realize it yet. The suddenness and pity of it, has cast a gloom literally over Edmonton.

Everyone knew him; everybody liked him. Another mystery and another life cut off with startling abruptness. There is nothing more one can say.

To his so sorely bereaved parents and brothers, the deep and heartfelt sympathy of the entire community will go out.

Mrs. Scoble is leaving to spend the summer in the East, about the first of May.

Mrs. Sisley returned to Calgary on Tuesday afternoon.

I hear from Mrs. Bulyea that a lively interest is being taken in the "Mary" Coronation gift to the Queen. "Marys" from all over this broad province writing and sending in their donations.

Mrs. Sifton, the Premier's wife, was among the first to place her name on the list, and as every second woman I know in Edmonton, seems to answer to the name of Mary, before the closing of the list, there should be hundreds upon hundreds of signatures, and a substantial amount to swell the big general fund. The idea is a most original and graceful one, and will no doubt so commend itself to Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Miss Penelope Davies was the hostess of a jolly supper party at last week end in honor of Miss Winnifred MacDonald of Winnipeg. Covers were laid for twelve, the guests being: Miss MacDonald, Miss Fairweather, Miss Seymour, Miss Jean McIsaac, and Dr. Brown, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Harry Macombe, Mr. Johnston, Mr. Owens, and Mr. Eden, with Mr. and Mrs. Davies to chaperone.

The table was beautifully arranged, a long glass tray outlined with exquisite fern and green-edged white carnations, having a shower of Narcissus in the centre.

After supper there was some delightful music, and the evening altogether was an especially pleasant one.

I hear that Miss Edith Webster's marriage to Mr. D.R. Haines will take place on June 27th, and that it will be a big church wedding, with nearly two hundred invited guests.

On Saturday night Mr. Seymour had a tiny impromptu dance at her home on 21st St.

Mr. Horace Seymour, of Calgary, was home over the week-end, returning south on Wednesday morning. On his next visit north I am told he will drive his own new motor, so Calgary is good occasionally to a Rank Northerner.

Mrs. Freddie Lowes of Calgary, is expected in town to spend a day or two the first week in April.

Mrs. Sydney B. Woods is accompanying her husband on a visit to England, early in June.

Miss Marjorie Brown, Mrs. Wood's sister, well known to many in Edmonton is coming west for a visit in the Spring, and will keep house for her sister during her absence in the Old Country.

Mrs. Bowman is giving a Musical this Saturday afternoon.

The Daughters of Mercy, who have undertaken to furnish the Children's Ward in the new Public Hospital, are giving a Rose Ball in the Separate School Hall on April the 2nd.

The Daughters are mostly the younger girls of the town, with that

(Continued on Page Five.)



A frock of shell pink showing the new cape effect

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deries and heavy gold fringe, her large picture hat being of beautiful French chip, trimmed with black velvet and white willow plumes.

On Monday night Mrs. Bulyea had a quiet but very smart dinner party at Government House in honor of Mrs. Sisley of Calgary, Premier and Mrs. Sifton's guest.

Mrs. Sisley and the Mistress of Government House are old friends, and the dinner was one of those happy little affairs, only possible when the guests are well known to each other and absolutely congenial.

The table decorations on this occasion were exquisite. Daffodils and narcissus, a tall shower of them in the centre and three lower vases, arranged at intervals.

Mrs. Bulyea was looking charming in her beautiful black toilette as much admired at Thursday's reception. Mrs. Sifton had on a delightful little pale blue frock, with a low-cut Dutch neck. Mrs. Sisley was stunning in an elegant black creation, with a beautiful embroidered tunic, and Mrs. Clark Dennis wore her lovely Paris gown of pale figure-mouee, over clinging Charmeuse satin.

Covers were laid for nine, the guests being: Premier and Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Sisley and Mrs. Clark Den-

niace performance in Edmonton. The dates, now definitely decided on being Easter Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The cast is made up of:—
Mr. Clement Parbury—Mr. Albert E. Nash.

Mr. Gunning—Mr. Algernon Reynolds.

Colonel Armitage—Mr. Ray Farquharson.

Evans—Mr. Harry Williams.

Mrs. Parbury—Miss Seymour.

Mrs. Woodward—Mrs. Palmer Watt.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings has been a very busy, and a most decidedly popular, hostess this week. On Monday she had a delightful luncheon for Mrs. Sisley, when the table decorations were all carried out in lovely, cool greens, and was notable, as all of Mrs. Jennings' table schemes are, for their originality and the excellence of the cuisine.

Besides the guest of honor, covers were laid for Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Clark Dennis, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. Turbull, Mrs. Duncan Marshall.

On Wednesday Mrs. Jennings had a second luncheon, this time in honor of her mother, Mrs. Sheldon of Buffalo, and Saturday will again claim

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Home & Society

(Continued from page four.)

home workers, Mr. Griesbach, at their residence, where every undertaking seems to be a success.

Mr. Rose Hall should be one of the prominent affairs of the season. Roses, roses, everywhere. In the decorations, every refreshment, roses in the details of party partners, and a rose in every movement in the costume.

Mr. Griesbach's entrance is different. "I hope everyone will come."

Why of course they will. The dancing set of Edmonton are indefatigable. Rose balls do not come every day, and everyone will be glad to participate in a linked to help along so popular and enjoyable a cause.

Mr. Lorne York had a jolly impromptu tea in honor of Mrs. York of Vancouver on Saturday afternoon, many of the guests going on from N.M. Siltan's reception.

The young ladies looked very pretty and graceful in Alice blue. Some wore polka and low silk, and did not know of low silk home, in the same gracious fashion.

Mr. York was very elegantly frocked in gown of rich black velvet, beaded with elaborately embroidered, white her hat of black and King's Little, had some magnificent plumes. With this smart toilette, she wore a necklace and earrings of splendid pink pearls set in equal blue pearls.

The tea table was done in pink and white. A great basket of flowers, interspersed with ferns, crowned the elaborately arranged board. Mr. York and Mrs. John York presided, while Mrs. MacDonnell waited the tea.

I understood that Mrs. York was returning to Vancouver early in the week.

There is to be a last and a best of both games—Assembly, in the Hotel Cecil on Easter Monday night, a few out-of-town guests being asked an admission to the regular holders of the season tickets.

"I repeat," truly, it is intended to make this particular dance a notable one and a most society is already on the eve of excitement, something with special attractions will be offered.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Watt have removed from 45 Eighth St. to the McPherson residence on the brow of the hill on Sunnyside St.

Miss North Campbell was the hostess of a four table Bridge-Dance on Friday evening in honor of Miss Winifred Macdonell.

Mr. and Mrs. Elgie have moved from their quarters in the McLean Hotel to an apartment in the Renee McPherson Mansions.

Mr. Turner is giving a young people's dance this Friday evening.

Canadian friends, including many from Edmonton, will be much interested in the announcement of the engagement of Mr. Elmer Greenwood, M. P., to Miss Mauley Spencer, whose father is a prominent man in Herbyshire. Miss Spencer, we are told, having no small reputation as a rider in her leisure.

The engagement is also announced by Enrich of Hon. Lewis Colman, second son of Earl Colman, to Miss Isabel Wyndham, daughter of Colonel Wyndham of Okotoks, Alberta. Col. Wyndham has lived at Okotoks for thirty years, having a large ranch there. He was himself in the Imperial army for a lengthy period before coming to Canada.

AN OMISSION

The article on the third page of this issue in reference to the career of Hon. Duncan Marshall should have been dated to the Toronto Star Weekly.

The proper feeding of the body is necessary in order that life may be possible, but the imagination should be stimulated in order to make life worth living—hereof of Sutherland.

Let us be content in work, let us do the things we can, and not pout.

To let because it's little—Elizabeth had been thinking.

Go to sleep without supper, but rise without a dream—Talmud.

Personal

The sudden death of Mr. Herkley Bishop, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bishop, of Edmonton, has aroused widespread regret. He came west with his father ten years ago, and was one of the best known and best liked young men in Edmonton. For two years and a half he had been travelling for the A. Macdonald Co. To complications, resulting from an attack of scarlet fever his death was due. The funeral took place privately, on Wednesday afternoon from McCoppen and Lambert's private chapel. Rev. Archdeacon Grey officiating. Many beautiful floral tributes were received, including a pillow from the A. Macdonald Co. and a wreath from fellow employees.

The University Board of Governors have appointed Alan Chester Johnson, M. A., Ph. D., now holding a fellowship in the Carnegie Institute at Athens, as lecturer in Classics, E. Louet, B. A., of the University of France, as instructor in French and J. Adams as instructor in drawing. The temporary appointment of Mr. C. E. Race B. A., as registrar, has been made permanent.

Rev. C. E. Bland of the Wesleyan College, Montreal, and Rev. C. W. Bishop, of Toronto, have been appointed to the theological staff of Alberta College. Rev. Dr. Riddell has been granted three months' leave of absence and \$500 for travelling expenses as a mark of the Board's appreciation of his untiring efforts on behalf of the College.

Dr. Thomas Dawson, medical health officer for Calgary, has been appointed superintendent of the provincial asylum for the insane at Ponoka. He was formerly assistant superintendent of the Wakefield Asylum, Yorkshire, England.

Mr. John E. Irvine, a former well known resident of Calgary, died suddenly in Montreal last Saturday.

Dr. G. H. Malcolmson of Frank, is moving to Edmonton. He has recently erected a handsome home for himself on Seventh Street.

Dr. Woodrow has gone to California for six weeks.

Mr. C. F. Brandt, sergeant-at-arms in the Alberta legislature, has been appointed chief forest ranger of the Cooking Lake Reserve. He is a graduate of the forestry department of forestry of Eisenach, Thuringia.

W. L. Margoch, chief forest ranger for the eastern slope of the Rockies, has resigned.

Prof. S. W. Doyle, who has been appointed to the principalship of the Presbyterian College at Strathcona, will be banqueted on March 30th at Queen's University, prior to his departure for the West.

At the meeting of the provincial Builders' Exchange in Calgary J. H. Good of Lethbridge was elected president and C. C. Blanton of Edmonton vice-president. The directors are R. Frost, Edmonton; H. P. Moore, Calgary; C. D. Leader, Lethbridge, and A. Hook, Medicine Hat.

The good work being done by the Humane Society under the leadership of Mr. T. G. Pearce, the energetic secretary, was fully demonstrated at the annual meeting. Mr. D. J. McNamara was elected president, Mrs. Boucher first vice and Mrs. Gravdon, second vice. Mrs. Braithwaite being unable to continue the duties of treasurer, they were assumed by Mr. Pearce in addition to the secretaryship.

It was incorrectly stated in this column last week that Mr. A. J. H. Monkman had died in the Public Hospital, Edmonton. Mr. Monkman's death did not take place at that institution.

BILL

BY IDA CROSS DAVIS
(In Harper's Magazine)

When we get off the C. and A. that goes through Jerseyville, The first thing that I always do is look around for Bill. For he's my grandma's hired man, and you should see him grin



A COIFFURED NYMPH.

This remarkable conception on the part of an eighteenth century Danish artist. It is in porcelain and very precious. The Marie Antoinette coiffure is used to satirize the vices of the court ladies of the time.

An' hold the horse's bridle tight while I'm a-gettin' in.

An' when I've shook my grandma's hand an' kissed her and all that, I climb up on the seat, by Bill, so we can have a chat.

An' he says, "My, but you have grown good gracious' sakes alive, I'd swear in any county court that you were over five."

An' on my door, when mornin' comes, he raps an' whispers how. It's almost time a fellow's up who's goin' to milk a cow.

An' so I hurry on an' dress while everything is still. An' if I had a million dimes, I'd give 'em all to Bill.

It's great to be a hired man. He feeds the chickens, too. An' fixes 'things' around the yard, there's nothing he can't do.

An' Grandma said he killed a snake the day before I came. (Or if he didn't kill it dead he surely made it lame.)

An' when we leave, Bill always shouts, "Good-by, old sport, good-by."

He knows that when we have to go it almost makes me cry. Because I think of Crosspatch Fred, who's waiting home for me. An' how he acted that one time just 'cause I asked if he

Would walk me over to the park, which wasn't very far. He said, "Oh cut it, I'm no nurse, I'm paid to drive the car." An' mother liked agreed with me when I remarked to her, "I wish we had a hired man instead of a chauffer."

"TICKETS—PLEASE"

To see Japan thoroughly, to master its problems, to pluck the whole heart of its mystery, would probably need—so a fellow "globe-trotter" assured Mr. A. M. Thompson—"all of a fortnight." So entire thoroughness is not claimed by the "Japan for a Week." Still Mr. Thompson was there long enough to get a vivid impression of Japanese courtesy—how the "please," so frequently entirely omitted from stern demand in the Occident, is emphasized into an art. "The guard, in the train going to Tokyo, who affords us much information by the way, is exceedingly interested in us. He stands by my side on the platform, and laughing, by points out that the top of his head—he is of more than average size for a Japanese—barely reaches my shoulders.

"Me big," he says in his quaint English, "but you more much big."

"He is like all the Japanese we met, amazingly polite.

"When he comes round to examine tickets, he begins by standing at the end of the car, takes off his cap to the honorable assembly, bows to the ground, rubs his knees with his hands, draws in his breath audibly, and delivers himself of an announcement in Japanese which I imaginatively translate as follows: "Your most honorable excellencies

MORTGAGE FORECLOSED and I have yet 12 days to save myself.

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YOU PROMISE yourself a tailor-made Suit of Clothes, we have the novelty, the standard Blues and Greys and Macks galore; also we build clothes to your individual requirements. We are many years beyond the experimental stage and can guarantee absolute satisfaction, both in material and workmanship at a moderate price. Men who have worn a Tailor-made Suit cannot imagine the difference.

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Fine View Lots. Right on the River. Overlooking the City, and the mountains in the distance. Only per lot.

\$100,000 and up

This beautiful property is located on the country Club and is without doubt the most desirable residence spot in the city. Over a hundred lots sold last week to parties who know every foot of the ground.

For a Summer House

You could not find a more delightful place—close enough to your business to be convenient—far enough away to feel that you have left the city behind.

Daily Messenger Service

A large Motor Boat will be available for hire between First Street and Irvington Heights during the summer, and will deliver campers to and from the City. Rigs will leave to see this property on Monday, July 27th from 636 First St.

Come and let us tell you about IRVINGTON HEIGHTS. Prices—large lots \$100,000. Small lots \$50,000 and \$5,000 a month.

THE STANDARD PRESS Co. 636 First Street



The Ninth Hole

The interior of a smoking-room at a suburban golf course. The usual papers strewn about the tables and arm chairs, etc., represent the scene of comfort.

Time, the afternoon of a June day. Smith and Brown are seated in a corner of the clubhouse as Robinson enters.

Robinson: "Hello, Brown. How do, Smith?"

Smith and Brown: "Ah, Robinson, how are you?" (Robinson rings and orders a whiskey and poppy.)

Brown: "Well, Robinson, what sort of a round, eh?"

Robinson: "Extra, my boy, extra. Eighty-four gross, my boys. What d'ye think of that? Reached the fourth hole with my masher. Two hundred yards. With the wind of course, but I suppose I shall have to show my card to Jones. It'll bring down my handicap."

Brown: "Yes, eighty-four gross."

THE CURSE OF THE NATION IS CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-lives" Alone Cures This Disease

A famous scientist states that Constipation, or non-action of the bowels, causes more deaths than all other diseases combined. Constipation inflames the kidneys, ruins digestion, is the foundation of Rheumatism, poisons the blood, causes Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Anemia.

Constipation is caused by a weak or sluggish liver. Bile, the only purgative of the body, is secreted by the liver, which in turn should pour out into the intestines sufficient bile to move the bowels. Unless the liver is active, there cannot be enough bile to move the bowels regularly, and Constipation is the result.

"Fruit-a-lives", the famous fruit medicine, will always cure Constipation because it acts directly on the liver—relieves the congestion—increases the quantity of bile—and strengthens the bowel muscles.

Box, 6c; 12c; 25c; 50c; or 1.00. At all druggists, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



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will drop you to twelve I should think."

Robinson: "Bad luck just before the open meeting; very bad luck. I call it."

Smith: "It's the fortune of war." Robinson: "At any rate it will give you two chaps a chance of beating me now."

Brown: "You don't very often beat us."

Smith: "Very rarely, in fact."

Robinson: "Well, if you had only seen me play the ninth hole to-day you would have had the jumps. My dear fellows, a smashing drive at which the caddie whistled; said my fellow through reminded him of Varon. Now listen; a smashing drive."

Smith: "You said that before."

Robinson: "Well, dash it, I'm telling you the story from the first."

Brown: "The first hole?"

Robinson: "No; damn! The first drive at the ninth hole."

Brown: "I missed my ace shot there to-day so I'm a little fogged."

Robinson: "Well, listen. A smashing drive and a lovely lie for my second. I whipped out my brassie and laid the ball dead."

Smith: "Against the wind?"

Brown: "Two hundred and fifty yards?"

Robinson: "Holed out in three; bogey five."

Smith: "Have a drink, old man. (Whiskies and sodas round.)"

Brown and Smith go out. Enter Davies and Johnston.

Robinson: "Hello, Davies. How do, Johnston? Have a drink?"

(He orders three whiskies and sodas.)

Johnston: "On your game, old chap?"

Davies: "Getting more into it?"

Robinson: "Getting more into it? My dear fellows, haven't you heard about my ninth hole?"

Davies and Johnston: "No."

Robinson: "Well, my boys, I'll tell you. I had a smashing drive from the tee and landed on a fairly good lie. The caddie said Varon had only once driven as far."

Davies: "Was that before you zipped him?"

Robinson: "Tipped him for saying that? Hardly. Well, to continue. For my second I was in doubt as to what club to take. The caddie suggested an iron, but no, I whipped out my brassie and played a shot. The shot, I should say. The wind tried its best to spoil the carry but my superior touch told, and it reached the green. It was so far away that I could hardly distinguish it, but the caddie luckily had a telescope in his pocket, so distinctly watched the ball drop into the hole. I was astonished. Fancy the ninth hole in two against the wind!"

Davies: "Bogey five."

Robinson: "Magnificent. Have a drink, old man. My heartiest congratulations." (They order three whiskies and sodas.)

(Ten minutes later Davies and Johnston go out. Enter Peacock and Anderson.)

Robinson: "Hello, Peacock. How do, old Anderson?"

Peacock and Anderson: "How do, Robinson?"

Robinson: "Have a drink, old chaps, will you?"

(They accept. Three whiskies and sodas are ordered.)

Peacock: "Well, and how are you playing, Robinson?"

Anderson: "You were rather off your game yesterday, old man."

Robinson: "Just about the top of my game to-day. Listen, you chaps. I've played just about (hic) as marvellous a game (hic) as it is possible to play. You both know the ninth?"

Peacock and Anderson: "Yes."

Robinson: "Well, I had a smashing drive so far that I didn't know where it went. It was a drive (hic), and the follow through, my caddie told me, reminded him of Mayo. On and on the ball went until I feared I should (hic) over the green."

Peacock: "Over four hundred yards away."

Robinson: "Yes, 400 yards away, and I would have too only I had put the right strength on. It reached the green and continuing (hic) in a straight line dropped into the hole without touching anything. The ninth hole in one."

Anderson and Peacock: "Our heartiest and warmest congratulations. Have a drink?"

Robinson: "No, thanks, old man. My caddie is outside waiting to see me do it again. Bye-bye."

(Robinson has just gone out when Brown, Smith, Johnston and Davies enter.)

Brown and Smith: "Heard about Robinson doing the ninth in three?"

Davies and Johnston: "No. He did it in two. Holed out with his brassie."

Peacock and Anderson: "Both you

fellows are wrong. He did it in one. He told us so."

(They all stand looking at each other in astonishment when a servant enters with a golf ball.)

Servant, (to Peacock): "If you please, sir, Mr. Robinson's caddie told me to leave this ball here which he lost from his drive at the ninth, sir. The caddie says it was only about twenty yards away in a furze bush, sir."—H. L. Dobree, in London Tatler.

Mr. J. A. McCullough, of Calgary, writes to the editor of the Horse and Driver column of Winnipeg Topics:

"To decide a bet, please give decision on following: A boss B that there is no such thing as a thoroughbred Percheron; B says no, and claims that pure bred should be the term used. Thoroughbred horse means a running horse. Standard bred, for trotters and pacers. I hold that there is no such horse as a thoroughbred

Percheron, but there is a pure bred Percheron horse."

"The bet was made by two gentlemen here, who have asked me to ask your paper to decide the question. I gave them my decision, but the one decided against was not satisfied with my ruling, so it is up to you."

Town Topics replied:—

"B wins the bet. There is no such thing as a thoroughbred Percheron. Thoroughbred is the term applied to English running blood horses, and the word thoroughbred does not apply to any other breed of horse. The proper word to apply to the Percheron, Clydesdale and shire horse is pure bred. The proper word to apply to trotters and pacers is standard bred. The stud book for the running horse does not go under the name of Running horse stud book or the blood horse stud book, but is known as the Stud book of the thoroughbred horse."

(Continued on page eight.)



German satire on the Kaiser's method of hunting, published in the Jugend of Munich. The artist is careful to avoid depicting the Kaiser's countenance and thus escapes the charge of Lèse Majesté.

Bill Cousins' First Customer

A yarn of the pioneer days of Medicine Hat.

Twenty-seven years is only a very short time in the history of a nation. But twenty-seven years in the history of a western town, may mean a whole lot.

What was Medicine Hat in 1883? There was nothing except a few tents. The population of Medicine Hat today is between 6,500 and 7,000.

On the Twelfth of May 1883 Mr. William Cousins and Mr. MacDonald arrived on the site of the City of Medicine Hat. They had had all kinds of trouble. At that time the C. P. R. had only reached a place called Colley, about twenty-five miles east of Maple Creek. Mr. Cousins and Mr. MacDonald arrived at Medicine Hat without one dollar. This statement must be qualified because Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Cousins had one dollar between them. After Messrs. W. Cousins & MacDonald had settled down they found a difficulty in putting up a tent.

"Say," said Cousins, to a weary looking hobo, who looked as if he was hungry. "Will you help us to put up our tent?"

And the hobo answered "Have you got a dollar?"

Mr. Cousins knew that Mr. MacDonald had no money, and he himself had but one dollar. He replied that he had one.

The man was paid the dollar and the tent was put up.

Later on in the same evening Mr. MacDonald came to the tent and said that he was hungry. He wanted to eat across to the International Hotel in the hope that he might be able to get a meal on his feet. Mr. Cousins did not think that he felt inclined to buy a meal in that way. Therefore he waited, in his tent, wondering what was going to happen next.

God lives the lucky, and in this instance Mr. Cousins happened to be one of those for whom providence had specially provided.

While Mr. MacDonald was having his supper, the most extraordinary piece of luck occurred to Mr. Cousins. He was sitting in his newly erected tent, wondering whether the International would turn Mr. MacDonald down or not when a most picturesque and uncouth person arrived.

He looked like a cowboy and he was a horse thief.

He sat down upon a barrel of sugar which formed part of the goods which Mr. Cousins and Mr. MacDonald had brought from Colley. He was tough, and he looked tough. His name was Crackerbox Jim. But the fact of his picturesque cognomen did not transpire until some time later.

"Say, Pard," remarked Crackerbox Jim, expectorating with great ease and dexterity, "they tell me that you sell duds."

Mr. Cousins had brought with him a large stock of goods, as it was his intention to open up a store in one of the towns west of the end of the end of the line. Which one he did not know at the time and his predilections were in favor of Calgary at this time.

"Yes, I have clothes," said Mr. Cousins, who had no more idea of the price he should ask, than the man in the moon has about airships.

"Yes, certainly, I have clothes."

Mr. Cousins produced a suit of cottonade. You may not all know what cottonade is. Cottonade is the cheapest kind of shoddy cloth. For a time it looks very nice, that is to say for about a week, but if it gets used in the rain, it shinks until there is hardly anything left.

Anyhow it caught the eye of Crackerbox Jim.

"That looks fine," he said, looking over the cheap, glossy material. "I guess I'll put it on right now. Where can I undress?"

Mr. Cousins indicated that his ideas of modesty were not so circumscribed that the fact of the customer undressing before his very eyes would shock him.

Crackerbox Jim seized the suit and retired into a corner and began to take off his clothes.

"Say," he shouted, in a few moments, "have you got any under-clothing, I'm damned crummy."

Mr. Cousins began to wonder thing by this strange customer. In those days ex-Mayor Cousins was only just out from Ontario, and did not understand the freedom of the west as well as he does now.

"Sure, we have under-clothing," he said.

"Chuck us a suit," said Crackerbox Jim.

Mr. Cousins threw a suit into the corner where Crackerbox Jim was making his toilet.

For a short time all was peace. Mr. Cousins was wondering whether Mr. MacDonald had succeeded in getting a meal at the International Hotel, which dwelt in a tent, and he was likewise wondering whether Crackerbox Jim had any money, or whether he would level the 45 colt, which he carried on his hip, and walk out of the place. Also Mr. Cousins was wondering where his supper was coming from. Things were very primitive. In a few minutes Crackerbox Jim came out of his corner.

The trousers of his new suit were so short that the absolutely refused to go over his top boots. There was about four inches of wrist visible on each of his arms. The coat was painfully tight under the elbows.

Mr. Cousins looked sad, he feared his first sale would not materialize.

"Pard," said Crackerbox Jim, "This is fine. What's it worth?"



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Lewis' Cafe

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Jasper East

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"Pard," said Crackerbox Jim, "This is fine. What's it worth?"

"\$32.50," said Mr. Cousins, blushing at his own daring.

Crackerbox Jim produced a roll which would have choked an ox. Tearing off \$33 he gave it to Mr. Cousins.

"You're raw," he said, "you're giving things away. We pay \$60 and \$80 in Macleod, I'll tell the boys."

Crackerbox Jim was as good as his word. He brought in a number of other gentlemen who needed clothes and the firm of Cousins and MacDonald did a roaring business at fancy prices.

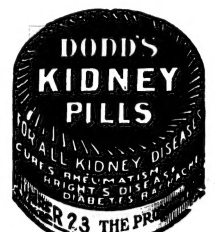
One day it occurred to Mr. Cousins to enquire who Crackerbox Jim was.

"Crackerbox Jim?" said the man from whom he enquired, "why he is the boss of the biggest horse stealing and whiskey peddling outfit in this country."

Mr. Cousins had already assimilated a certain amount of respect for Crackerbox Jim as a cash customer, and when he found that he was a real hand man, he had a higher opinion of him than ever.

A few days later Crackerbox Jim came into the end of Messrs. Cousins

(Continued on Page 12.)



Music and Drama

A writer in the Vancouver Province has the following:

"Yes, it's about fifteen years since 'Erminie' was having that splendid run in New York," said Fitzpatrick, as he looked at the stub of his cigar which he had smoked down to about half an inch with the aid of the small blade of his penknife.

"Have another," I said, passing him a box which he said was his best night. "Fifteen years," he said by way of acknowledgment as he deftly removed the gold and paper band which for some unexplained reason encircles good and bad cigars alike. "It came to Toronto pretty often at about that time, and I got to know it pretty well. Music by Ed. Jakowski."

"Just like those Poles," I said, "sure to do something clever. There's a chap at our office—"

"Libretto by Harry Paulton," he broke in. "Beats me how you've never seen it."

"Harry Paulton must have been a dandy. Who were the players?"

"Why, Francis Wilson and Lillian Russell. The tall and short highway men were great. Ravvy and Cad-Ravenne and Cadieux, you know. Now, why in the world don't they play Erminie now?"

"I had to tell him I could not tell. But surely it is not merely the glamour of the past that besets the old play-goers when they think of former years and what they have heard in their time. But would the dear old-fashioned things that we used to go to and to enjoy, have the same effect on the audiences of today that they had on us? You know how hopeless you feel, when, full of enthusiasm, you trot out some of your ideas in art and music only to feel that they are talking to unresponsive ears, and that you are landed in mud. Again, do those young people that we elderly ones see around us, thrill as we used to thrill? Are they subject to the same poignant and ecstatic sensations as music and the drama—whether of the theatre or the universe—used to call forth in us?"

These are thoughts that have often come to many of us. One's experiences differ. I am certainly of the belief that managers are making a big mistake in not reviving more of the old favorites. The success of last season's production of "The Mikado" in New York should stimulate them. One cannot witness a Gilbert and Sullivan production by an amateur organization without realizing how much superior it is to most of that which is served up nowadays. Compare "Pinafore" and "Patience," and their tuneful jingles and genuine humor, with, for instance, "The Kissling Girl." Or to come to later successes. What comic opera in recent years has been able to hold a candle to "The Grisha," "San Toy" and "Robin Hood?"

I am free to admit, however, that there is some truth in what the contributor to the Province has to say about the change which comes over ourselves. I saw "Wang" with DeWolfe Hopper and Della Fox, when it was at the height of its popularity seventeen or eighteen years ago. Everybody was whistling "A Pretty Girl," "A Summer Night" and "An Elephant on His Hands." I thought it was simply immense. Some three or four years ago it was revived by Mr. Hopper. I seized the opportunity to hear him and was bored to distraction. It all seemed cheap and silly. It certainly could not stand the test of time.

"I was in a Missouri town two years ago," said a dramatic producer to the Boston Traveler, "trying to get up a

show. The landlord of the chief and only hotel seemed half-way intelligent, and I interviewed him, as a preliminary. 'Your town boasts a band, does it not?' I asked. 'Well, no, stranger,' he responded. 'We've got a band, but we don't boast of it. We just endure it.'"

Last week I reproduced an article on the natural enmity of the choir-master and the preacher. Several examples have been brought to my notice to show how far it can be carried. One minister had put thought and vigour into a discourse on the text: "Wake, Thou Thon Sleepest!" To his horror, the choir followed with a number entitled: "Sleep on, sleep on, and take thy rest!"

Another pastor has related how an unusually stupid choirmaster arranged for the hymn, "Oh, What Must It Be To Be There!" at the close of a sermon with the title, "Hell."

Work is progressing very favorably on "The Tyranny of Tears," which is to be presented by Ebo-ton amateurs in the Earl Grey competition at Winnipeg.

An Interview With Terry

The Vancouver Province had the following interview with Edward Terry:

"This," said I, waving my hand towards the window, "will be the biggest city in Canada. We have—"

"At Fort William," began Mr. Terry.

"Our ships plow the Pacific, our lumber—"

"At Port Arthur—"

"Yes it goes through even to Port Arthur. Our min—"

"At Brandon—"

"There are no min's there. Now we have coal, gold—"

"At Winnipeg—"

"A mere railway centre. A junction. We are a terminus, a gateway to—"

"At Moose Jaw—"

"Farms, well, we have farms. Our fruit orchards—"

"At Calgary—"

"More farms. We grow grass, oats—"

"At Edmonton—"

"Oh, but we are going to find oil right at our door—"

"At Saskatoon—"

"Bah, a mere baby. We are of age; we have great buildings."

"At Kamloops—"

"Right in our territory. Yes, sir," I said grandiloquently "we are going to be the biggest city in Canada."

"I was once going to remark," began Mr. Terry once more.

I seized his hand in both mine. "I knew you were going to agree with me. You are impressed sir, with our future. Now there is a nice subdivision I know of just coming on the market. It is quite private. Just a few friends. We would not let any one in."

"No?" said Mr. Terry quietly.

"No, sir. But you, sir, would honor us; your name on our list would show the faith that a man of imagination, of intuition, had in the future of this great city. It will be the biggest in the Dominion. I tell you, sir—"

Mr. Terry smiled unbanely and drew from his breast pocket a red pocketbook.

My eyes glittered.

He took the pince-nez from his nose and opened the book. I repressed my excitement with difficulty.

"I have here," he said, "a list of the towns through which we passed on our tour through Canada. I for-

get exactly how many, but as I was going to remark, every single man in every single town, told me his particular town was going to be the biggest in Canada."

I collapsed in my chair.

"The wonderful optimism you all exhibit is most inspiring. If I had invested my money in each place I would need to be a multi-millionaire."

He closed the pocketbook, replaced it, crossed his legs, reaffirmed the pince-nez and looked at me judicially.

"Of course, of course," I murmured. "The spirit of the country, sir, is one of optimism."

"It is also one of determination. Everyone of the places I have visited was determined to become the greatest commercial centre of Canada. It is wonderful and touching."

"Touching?" I repeated. "Then you were touched?"

"Of course. How could it be otherwise?"

"Which town was the lucky one?"

"Every town touched me with the warmth of its welcome."

"Oh," I said, "you mean the sentimental touch."

"Yes," he went on innocently; "men would come up to me in the street and shake my hand and say, 'Mr. Terry, I am an Englishman too.'"

"Dear me," I exclaimed, "what a reckless admission."

"I was amazed, I confess, at the warmth of my welcome. In the prairie towns people would drive in twelve and fifteen miles from their places. And what a reception—just for an actor."

A pioneer, I corrected.

Mr. Terry looked a little puzzled.

"You see," I explained, "you are the first English actor to make a complete tour of Canada with an English company. It is a pioneer's trail you are blazing, a trail which I am sure all Canada will help to keep open. Most companies come through the United States and jump now and then across the line. Now that you have shown the way we hope others will follow."

"I believe they will. It is after all an imperial trail and I may say from my experience that it is, also a golden trail."

"Most imperial trails are if we could only look far enough ahead."

"But everyone seems to be looking ahead," he said.

"Yes on their trail. The difficulty is to see that there are other trails to blaze as well as the one to fortune."

"You mean the country is greener than the individual."

"I meant it but could not have expressed it. That is the benefit of your art. It encourages expression."

"What expression in particular?" asked Mr. Terry.

That is the worst of trying to soar to the unknown. I was floored; I had hoped Mr. Terry would launch forth on the encouragement of expression. I blundered.

"The facial expression," I said feebly.

"Yes the wonderful way in which you express what you have left unsaid in 'Sweet Lavender,' is done by the face isn't it?"

I think Mr. Terry thought I was mad but he is kindness itself.

"There are other things," he said.

"Of course," I answered expectantly.

But my expectations were doomed to disappointment. After a few minutes of silence I tried something really original.

"How long have you been on the stage?" I asked.

"In three years I shall have been fifty years on the stage—and in three years I have promised to retire."

"Promised?" I said indignantly, "promised who?"

"My wife," he answered simply.

"Oh," I ejaculated. "Your wife."

I fear I said it in a tone which implied he should not have a wife.

"Yes—she is always asking me when I will settle down. I say when I have completed my fifty years: it is a good time to retire."

"Fifty years!" I exclaimed realizing at last that the white-haired, al-

most youthful looking man in front of me had been nearly fifty years before the footlights "what a biography you could write."

"Perhaps," he said non-committally.

"Yes," I continued, "the Kendalls, the Bancrofts, the Irvings, Mrs. Sidons, Nell Gwynn—"

"Oh, I don't go back quite as far as that you know."

I apologized. "No of course not. I meant Toole, Ellen Terry, Fred Terry, Marion Terry. Why," I continued, "your family alone would make several volumes."

"My family," he exclaimed. "We are not related even."

"But the name!" I cried.

"Oh yes, the name. But then, Smith for instance—you understand."

"Exactly. Same name but no relation. Dear me how curious."

He ignored my fatuous remark.

"Miss Terry had a very good reception here too, didn't she?"

"Magnificent. Everywhere she went it was the same."

"It is curious to me how they like English actors. Take Forbes Robertson for instance, probably the greatest actor on the English stage today."

In the United States I am told they think the world of him.

"Yes he was very successful. Last time I saw him was at Othello."

"You have not seen his Hamlet. Greatest Hamlet there ever was. Perfectly wonderful."

"Do you know Mantell?" I asked.

"I know of him very well. His people are Belfast people, you know."

"Yes, he told me that. He is a great Shakespearean actor. His King Lear is wonderful."

"He ought to make an excellent Othello."

"He would do, I imagine, but he did not give that when he was here last. Macbeth, Hamlet and King Lear were his chosen roles."

"It is a great thing to know that here in Canada there is a real opening for English actors to tour. The country is growing so fast that every year makes a difference and the influence of the stage might be very useful from the Imperial point of view."

"If an English company or two could come through as you have, and go on to Australia and then South Africa its influence would be of immense value," I said.

"Well I do not see why it should not be feasible. I have had such great receptions that I am full of enthusiasm on the subject, and when I get back I shall be quite an advertising medium for Canada."

"The advertising value of the stage is not ways fully recognized. I think. For long it has been looked on as something rather apart from our daily life."

"Oh that is merely the old prejudice against the stage. I have been doing a little pioneer work along another line out here. I am very keen on the subject of having the church with the stage in looking after actors or actresses while they are on tour, so that if an actor or actress falls ill in any town they can always find friends who will look after them. It is not exactly a question of charity or religion but a question of human sympathy and the church should be the great medium of sympathy."

"How has the church responded?" I asked.

"Finely. We have arranged for claspings in two or three places already and I have seen the bishops of each place and they have been most encouraging."

Suddenly I had a vision of Mr. Edward Terry clad in the conventional garb of the church. The gaiters of a bishop suited him admirably, and the benevolent and kindly manner invited confidence. I think it was formerly the caricature of Vanity Fair, could make another portrait of him he would perhaps bring out this new feature instead of the famous cartoon of Mr. Terry as Dick Driby in Sweet Lavender. Anyone who saw

the play will remember how at one moment Mr. Terry, clad in wig and gown, suddenly puts his foot on a chair and leaning one elbow on his knee and tapping his hand with his pince-nez ejaculates "For the defendant." That is the attitude in which Spy depicted him and it is a most striking cartoon.

A chance word brought out the fact that I had met Mr. Terry before years ago, and the rest of our conversation was devoted to recollections of a certain house in London. He has a wonderful memory for children and as I was hardly out of my childhood days at the time, his recollections were to me most interesting. I have merely mentioned his work and his impressions of this country. I do not pretend that the foregoing account of our conversation is strictly accurate. The phrase "business," as the professor says, which has absolutely no foundation except in my imagination. But to calmly sit down and try and separate Mr. Terry, the actor, from Mr. Terry, the English country gentleman, and Mr. Terry, the philanthropist, from Mr. Terry, the pioneer of stage Imperialism, is another matter altogether.

Mr. Terry is a man brimming over with the enthusiasm of youth. After forty-seven years on the stage with all the experience that those forty-seven years entail, with his knowledge of men and women, with his failures behind him and his success ensured, Mr. Terry is still a boy at heart, ready to romp with children or gravely discuss the needs of his profession or his country with all the sympathy and experience those years have given him. I can quite well understand the enthusiasm with which he has been greeted everywhere for it rises largely not only from the knowledge of Mr. Terry's great success as an actor but from that quick intuitive perception of an extraordinarily sympathetic personality.

L. W. MAKOVSKI.

(Continued on page eight)

MISSING

I lay down my fresh morning paper, drop it once from my hand; No thrilling account of his paper Appears there to stir up the land. There's nothing on roses or rubies, There's nothing on balloons or babies, No sword is a clank in its sheath—I'm loath to feel terribly solemn; No longer he fills the first column.

I used to get up every morning, And read while my breakfast grew cold. A blending of promise and warning A mixture of praising and scold; I used to call out to my neighbor: "Well, here he is at again!" Alas, he has beaten his sabre Into a contributing pen. It makes me tremendously solemn To miss him now in that first column.

He hasn't gone up with the flyers. He hasn't whizzed out on the train. He hasn't named four or five liars. He simply is not raising Cain! Why, hang it! it doesn't seem proper A paper like this to peruse! There's nothing comes out of the hopper. Except the day's run of the news. I stand here with countenance solemn And ask why he left the first column.

So sudden it was—in a minute That column relinquished his name. One day he was certainly in it. Next morning it wasn't the same. It interferes some with my eating: There's nothing but items to read—No speaking, or parting, or greeting. No frazzles, or challenge to heed. By gracious! I've felt mighty solemn Since he fell out of the first column!

—Harper's Weekly

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BOSTON AND THE PRINCESS.

(Boston Traveler)

Miss Gould marries an English baron, and New York mobs the church while the whole country gapes in admiration. The nimbus of "nobility" obscures our judgment. We lose our senses in our blind worship of our own aristocracy who may have had no more discretion than any of us who do our day's work and cherish a secret and silly reverence for that title. And the landed estate that goes with a title has generally been stolen from its original owners. If you doubt that, read the history of the British nobility—or any other nobility.

What's a title? Its possessor has seldom earned it. The title is usually inherited from an ancestor on whom it was conferred by a mere whim of a sovereign—who may have had no more discretion than any of us who do our day's work and cherish a secret and silly reverence for that title. And the landed estate that goes with a title has generally been stolen from its original owners. If you doubt that, read the history of the British nobility—or any other nobility.

To honor a man or woman for character or achievement—that is admirable. And there is too little of it nowadays. We are in danger of losing sight of the fact that the only real patent of nobility is conferred by personal worth. And too often our vaunted American democracy makes itself despicable in un-American staidness to empty titles.

AN ARGENTINE DRINK

(From the London Chronicle)

Although most of the world's coffee is grown in South America, yet in no country is it so dear as in Argentina, for the simple reason that only foreigners ever ask for it. The natives of Argentine drink mate, or Paraguay tea, as it is sometimes called. Among the working classes this is drunk as freely and frequently as beer in this country. And instead of coffee after dinner, many Argentine housekeepers serve a hot soup, which guests from abroad find some difficulty in swallowing. Attempts have been made to popularize mate in Europe, but these have never been successful. There is a cafe in Paris where the Argentine visitors can obtain their national drink.

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Music and Drama

(Continued from page seven)

The most important intelligence of
the week is undoubtedly the announce-
ment that Sarah Bernhardt will play
in Edmonton on June 23rd. The days
of our dramatic isolation are unques-
tionably past.

Musically, St. Patrick's Day re-
ceived due celebration in Edmonton.
On Friday night the Irish Association
held a most enjoyable concert in
the Separate School Hall when all
the old favorites were done ample
justice to. The decorations of the
Hall were tasteful and appropriate.
The next afternoon the Musical Club
at its opening meeting also provided
an Irish programme.

The Pincher Creek Operatic So-
ciety produced "The Belle of Barn-
stable," very successfully last week.
There were thirty-three in the caste
and an excellent orchestra under
the conductorship of Mr. F. O. Smart.

The receipts at the Tetrastini
concert reached \$8,600, which is a
record for one concert in Toronto.
The promoters netted \$500, which
shows that sometimes there is money
in the impresario business. Tetrastini's
price for the engagement was \$2500.

Madame Albani and Miss Edith
Miller are to represent Canada in

the Imperial Festival concert in the
Crystal Palace, London, on May 30.

The time is slipping around to
wards the dates of the Edmonton
Musical Festival, May 16, 17 and 18.
The committee would specially call
the attention of the smaller towns to
a new competition, added this
year, for Quartettes or mixed voices,
the members of which need not be-
long to the same or to any church
choir, and also to the new competi-
tions for vocal duets, (Soprano and
Contralto or Tenor and Bass).
Soloists will find that the Oratorio
numbers selected for this year's com-
petitions are not of such great diffi-
culty as last year, while the competi-
tion for boy and girl soloists, un-
der fifteen years of age, should at-
tract a number of the younger musi-
cians of the province.

His Honor Lieutenant Governor
Bulyea has this year donated a silver
cup which will be awarded to the
most artistic performance in any
class given during the festival.

A copy of the Syllabus can be ob-
tained from the Secretary of the Fe-
stival (Mr. F. Lansdown, P. O. Box
687, Edmonton) or from one of the
Local Secretaries, who are as fol-
lows:

Calgary, Mr. Percy Newcome.
Wetaskiwin, Mr. Claude Hughes.
Crossfield, Mr. T. MacGe.
Raymond and Cardston, Mr. S. S.
Newton.

Red Deer, Mr. L. M. Gaez.
Lethbridge, Mr. A. Tilley.
Strathcona, Mr. C. E. K. Cox.

The secretary has also a full supply
of all the competition music so that
there need be no delay in competitors
obtaining some.

As in previous years the railway
companies will give a special rate of
a single fare for the return journey.

In the Athletic World

(Continued from page six.)

Eastern papers are making much
of a feat performed by Earl Percy,
who is acting as A. D. C. to Earl
Grey. Somebody recently told him
a wager that he could not walk from
Montreal to Ottawa, a distance of
one hundred and eleven and a half
miles, starting on Saturday morning
and be in time for the Paardeburg
dinner at Rideau Hall on Monday
night. Earl Percy was on the road
at seven o'clock on the Saturday
morning. Saturday, Sunday, Monday
he dodged the railway ties at the rate
of thirty-seven miles a day. And on
Monday evening, when the guests
sat down to dinner, Earl Percy was
in his place.

Yet the performance is one which
the ordinary man in generally fit
condition could repeat without much
trouble when the walking is good and
the heat not extreme. The report
says that Earl Percy went along the
railway ties, the roads presumably
not being in good enough con-
dition. This undoubtedly added to
his difficulties and took away the
pleasure of the outing. But when it
comes to taking to a good road, there
is nothing better for a man or more
enjoyable than a long walk. It is
the sanest and best all-round form of
exercise. It is something that both
youth and age can indulge in to ad-
vantage. In the Old Land you fre-
quently come across men who have
walked from Land's End to John O'-
Groats' house and it is because Brit-
ishers, particularly those who have
a certain amount of leisure, walk so
persistently that they are the healthy
race they are.

When a despatch from Australia
said that George Murdoch, the great
Australian cricket captain, had sud-
denly died from an apoplectic fit it
was suspected that W. L. Murdoch
was meant. English papers now
show that this was the case. Mur-
doch certainly was entitled to rank
with the three or four foremost play-
ers in cricket history.

He captained four Australian teams
in England—namely, those which
came in 1886, 1887, 1888, and 1890.
He was undoubtedly the premier bats-
man of the side in the first three
tours, and was, perhaps, the finest
captain Australia ever produced.

Curiously enough Mr. Murdoch
played the finest innings of his life
on the occasion of the first Test
match played in England. He scored
153 not out against such bowlers
as Shaw, Moxley, Burt and Messrs.
A. G. Steel and W. G. Grace. In 1882
when Mr. Murdoch again visited En-
gland, he scored 250 not out, against
Sussex in May, and at the end of that
month had the extraordinary average
of 212 1-2.

In 1884 Mr. Murdoch scored 211 in

the final Test match at the Oval, and
this huge score stood as a Test match
record until Mr. R. E. Foster scored
287 against Australia at Sydney in
fifthings. He came to England for
the fifth time with the 1890 team.
The side failed, losing more matches
than they won, and Murdoch, though
he headed the averages and often
played admirably, did not add to his
old reputation.

In later years, as everyone will
remember, Mr. Murdoch settled in
England, captaining Sussex for sev-
eral seasons and afterwards playing
for London County. His fame, how-
ever, will rest on what he did for the
Australians in the tours of 1880,
1882 and 1884. Among the Australian
batmen of his day he was easily first.

F. C. Lowes, of Calgary, denies that
he will have anything to do with



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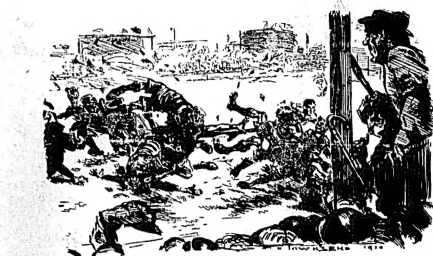
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BIG BOTTLE

a boy, you never will. Bald-headed
gentlemen don't make apt pupils.

THE FRENCHMAN'S CASTLE

Little by little the old superficial
judgments are passing away, in the
age of better acquaintance and of
larger sympathy among nations



Londoner (to Pat, seeing a Rugby game for the first time):
"What do you think of it, Pat?"
Pat: "Begorra, it 'ud be a jewel of a game if they only had
sticks!"—Punch.

the proposed professional hockey
league. He is still prepared to go on
with his project for the erection of a
big rink, which will also be available
for horse show purposes, but such
hockey as he is connected with must
be on a strictly amateur basis. Here-
in speaks the genuine sport. Those
who use a game for other purposes
than the development of desirable
qualities in those who play it, are not
its friends.

Our distinguished fellow-Albertan,
with whom so many of our young
citizens used to play lacrosse back
in Ontario, Mr. Tommy Burns, is
suing the Puget Sound Electric Rail-
way in Seattle for \$50,000, as a re-
sult of an injury sustained to his
knee in an accident in December last.
His earning capacity, he claims, has
been affected to that extent.

Too much praise cannot be given to
the Y. M. C. A. for bringing the ex-
pert swimming instructor, Mr. H. H.
Corsan, to Edmonton. The swim-
ming bath at the Y. M. C. A. build-
ing has been a busy spot all week
and with the instruction which has
been given, a very large number of
boys who otherwise would prob-
ably never have learned to swim, will
be able to do so. It is something every-
one should know how to do and it
is a matter of common knowledge
that in ninety-nine cases out of a hun-
dred if you don't learn when you are

Laurence Jerrold, himself an Eng-
lishman—an inhabitant of "the land
of homes," in "The Real France,"
pays tribute to the home life of Paris.
"Only in Paris life sparkles like
this, free from extinguishing cares,
responsibilities, conventions, prej-
udices and commonplaces; it dazzles
for months, then the amazing dis-
covery begins—the finding of a solid
Paris, a Paris of the old earth, with
roots in deep custom, a Paris of rock-
like consistency, and iron faithfulness,
a simple, straight, ordered, long-head-
ed and earnest Paris."

"Cross some boulevardier's real
threshold—but it often takes years
to pass them, and the boulevard
world disappears. This is another
world.

Let us make the wild supposition
that the foreigner, after six months,
has crossed the boulevardier's thresh-
old—it would really take him ten
years to do it, and imagine his am-
azement.

"He is now immeasurable miles from
the boulevards. He is in a tiny cas-
tle, battlemented and guarded against
boulevardism. The daily scandals of
journalism, the hourly intrigues of
politicians, the machinations of ac-
tors and critics, the frantic jealousies
and showings of the men of letters
who are getting on—that was what
he called Parisian life.

"In the tiny castle, papa, who is a
famous journalist outdoors, lifts gen-
tly the curtain of the cot where the

THE GIST OF OSTEOPATHY

The human body is a machine run by the un-
seen force called life, and that it can be run
harmoniously it is necessary that there be lib-
erty of blood and nerve energy as these life
forces find their way to the organs and tissues
of the body, from the generating point of the
nerves and arteries to their destination. For this
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as rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, par-
aplasia, dropsy, infantile paralysis, constipa-
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little crumpled-faced, black-haired
baby sleeps, and looks with a great
tenderness and without a shadow of
the Englishman's mauve honte.

"Parisianism" sweeps around that
tiny castle in furious gusts, but only
a few filtered breaths of it are ever
let in. Moralizing playwrights are
perpetually discovering that the fa-
ther and the mother and the child
are a sacred trinity. The foreigner
who was trying to be "Parisian" in
boulevard cafes finds across the
boulevardier's threshold more sub-
tlety and complication than that.
"It is the Frenchman's flat that is
his tiny castle, and will remain the
last refuge of simplicity in a compli-
cated world."



MILLIONS FOR THE MILLENNIUM.

A recent portrait of Andrew Carnegie, who has
donated ten million dollars for an educational peace
campaign.

The Investor

The crowds on the streets, around the hotels and at the railway station remind the average man, as he goes about his ordinary occupations, that there must be something in this newspaper talk about people swarming into the country. If he happens to be travelling west himself, he comes to appreciate just what proportions the movement is assuming.

Here is an extract from the account in The Toronto Globe of an average March day at the Union Station in that city:

"Nearly two thousand intending settlers reached Toronto between 7.30 p. m. and 12.45 a. m. At the first mentioned time a Grand Trunk special from Montreal brought four hundred people, most of whom left a few minutes later for the west, via Chicago. Dominion Immigration Officer Stewart accompanied the party as far as Toronto, and expressed his confidence in the grit of the newcomers and their suitability as Canadians-to-be. He had no doubt whatever that the present season would mean a record in the total of new settlers.

The C. P. R. 10.10 train to Winnipeg last night was run in three sections, two of which were what are known as settlers' trains. The first section left punctually at 10.10 p. m. and carried three hundred Pullman passengers. The next section was despatched about 10.30, and took close on five hundred people; and, the third section, timed out at 10.50, had a contingent of about 240. Extra freight cars were put on each of the three trains."

So far as Edmonton is concerned the most interesting phase of the season's immigration movement is the fact that it is up to large an extent going far beyond the city. Publicity Campaigns are being conducted in several thousand will go through to the Peace River country. The road from Edmonton is practically completed and regular traffic over it will commence at an early date. That it will attract large proportions is certain. If with a 450 mile trip from the railway to Grande Prairie many settlers have already gone in, no one can doubt that a great many more will do so with the journey reduced to 160 miles. The G. T. P. is exerting itself to make the improvement in facilities better known and is offering a one cent a mile rate from Winnipeg to Edmonton.

The Winnipeg Commercial makes this observation: "The present movement recalls the days when enterprising and far-seeing farmers moved out of Winnipeg to take up the fertile areas lying west and north of this city. The thirty years that have elapsed since have changed the face of the prairies, and have witnessed the greatest development that has been known on the American continent. It is by no means a stretch of the imagination to picture the time when the Peace River district will assume a more important place in the scheme of agricultural production. All the elements—that spelled attraction for the first settlers in the west are to be found in the new territory, and there is no doubt that the future is distinctly promising. The men who are now braving hardships for the purpose of finding homes that are entitled to all praise and encouragement. They will not be compelled to wait so long for their reward and is comforting to realize that the reward will include an abundance of prosperity."

In the meanwhile it is not only these far away fields that look green. The publicity campaign carried on by the municipalities from Red Deer north is having its effect and the demand for land close to well-established centres is heavy. Objection has been raised by the Red Deer Nws that it was simply a scheme for boosting Edmonton at the expense of the smaller towns. This is quite unfair, as who who are in touch with the work of the organization know. The city will undoubtedly profit very largely by the settling up of the country around Vermilion, Vegreville, Leduc, Sedgwick, Red Deer, etc., but it will do so as a wholesale centre that it will do so. The gain so far as retail trade is concerned will go to the merchants in these towns and it is in their interest

MR. F. C. LOWES



When the statement is made that Mr. Frederick C. Lowes is the most prominent figure in Alberta real estate circles no one is likely to dispute the fact. Yet this young man, who has in the past five years been so large a force in the province and who has handled such big things is even now barely past the age of thirty. This is fairly strong evidence that the west is a young man's country.

Mr. Lowes was born in Brampton, Ontario, in December 1880 and came west to Calgary as agent of the Canada Life Assurance Co. Those who had dealings with him in that capacity altered their notions about life insurance agents' being unavoidable nuisances. So attractive a presentation did he make of the claims of his company's and life insurance generally that the prospective victim, whether he put his name on its dotted line or not, felt that his outlook on life

had been enlarged and that he had received a very important contribution towards a liberal education. Some might call Mr. Lowes "amiable," but that is not the proper term. No man ever worked up a business reputation on smoothness. "Convincing" is the word that fits him. He convinces people that he has something worth while to offer them and when he lives up to the promises which he holds out. (This is the secret of his success.)

It was in 1906 that he branched out into real estate in Calgary. That was about a year and a half before the financial depression came. When it arrived, he was solidly on his feet. His office staff at the beginning consisted of his brother, B. J. Lowes, who is still his partner and a stenographer. Today, with managers, salesmen, etc., attached to the different branches his employees number between fifty and sixty.

Red Deer, seem to be more inclined towards the south.

"So on the question of uniting with the northern scheme, the Red Deer merchants asked what about the Calgary scheme, which was broached in advance of the Edmonton plan, but which they believed had come to nothing? They would prefer, it would seem, to join the Calgary organization, or to have a choice of the two, or to unite with both, or to adopt a scheme of their own.

"But this gives an idea of what these various towns expect of Calgary, and are surprised that Calgary has not done. Edmonton has done good service to the towns within its zone, and has given them an opportunity of announcing their advantages to the public which otherwise would be denied. Calgary, on the contrary, such scheme, has done no such service, though frequently considering some vice, and isn't making effort to help itself. Calgary is losing a golden opportunity in this respect."

When W. G. Trethewey, the man who put the Great Estate on the market, visited Edmonton some weeks ago, some of the successes that had made him a millionaire were recalled.

In Calgary the firm owns and controls seven high-class residential properties in Lehighbridge, five, while in October and November Edmonton suburban property to the value of \$650,000 was purchased. Evanston is to be placed on the market on Monday next and another subdivision will follow very shortly.

So extensive has the Lowes connection become in the Old Country that an office is about to be opened in London with Mr. G. W. Buxton, formerly inspector of the Northern-Crown Bank, in charge as general manager for England, and Mr. Robert Farquharson of the Edmonton office as Secretary. Branches will also be opened in New York and Vancouver in the immediate future.

The Lehighbridge office is in charge of Mr. J. R. Anderson and that, in Edmonton of Mr. James Lawrence. As to the esteem and confidence which the latter has won for himself

He went to Vancouver and the papers there derived still further into the details of his career.

"Back in '87," one of them tells us, "a stout lad of 16 years landed in the little seaport then generally known as the 'end of things' now the city of Vancouver. All that he had to his name was \$3.45 in the coin of the realm, a pair of clear, blue eyes and a tremendous capacity for working an axe. There was one saw mill here then and saloon. The 16-year-old from the 'effete east' cast about him for a job and he landed one. He was young Bill Trethewey.

"Trethewey made his millions in Cobalt. He got his start in British Columbia on the stage at the Ontario silver mining camp, helped him out materially.

"If one were to ask this Cobalt millionaire what is the secret of success he would reply in these words: 'Get out a club and stave every opportunity that crosses your trail.'"

"Trethewey had been a mining man all his life. He was born in New Ontario, near Muskoka. He started out his career with an axe over his shoulder and did a man's work in the

during the time he has been in business in the city all who have had the slightest dealings with him will testify. He is no small factor in the position which the 'Lowes firm holds in Edmonton today."

Mr. P. J. Bergeron, of Calgary, is in charge of the mortgage, loan, and legal department.

Lowes and Co. have 5,000,000 acres of farm land exclusively listed with ten practical farmers acting as salesmen. It is also heavily interested in B. C. timber and fruit lands and has the provincial agency for the National Union Fire Insurance Co. of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Jones is very much interested in carriage houses and his exhibits at the different horse shows have been a feature. He is also a hockey enthusiast and now has a large scheme in hand for the erection of a commodious rink in Calgary which may also be used for show purposes.

lumber camps before he was fifteen. He prospected every summer.

"He is wealthy because he has plodded. In the early days in British Columbia he was a prospector. In the Kootenays he worked for years. He never made anything of it beyond bare living expenses in that section. He struck properties in other localities throughout the mining districts that were fairly rich. He cleaned up enough money at thirty to start into the real estate game.

"In Edmonton he made thirty thousand dollars on a deal just previous to the Cobalt boom that came in 1894. He landed in the silver camp at the right moment. He invested well and wisely. In a couple of years he plucked off a few millions and quit the business."

The Western Lays Limited will commence operations at the plant on Mill Creek within a week, turning out pressed brick at the rate of 40,000 a day.

The expansion of the Canadian Northern railway's business will necessitate the expenditure of \$10,000,000

(Continued on Page Ten.)

The Place of Parks in a City Plan

Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs concludes his series of articles.

A city is progressive in proportion as it provides for the intellectual and physical development of its citizens. Public Libraries and Parks are a truer index to a city's greatness than any Board of Trade statistics or Real Estate activity. In the development of a Park system, the first, the great essential is to get the land having always in view facilities of access and some definite basis of distribution and function. It is the open space feature of a Park that is the great desideratum. Its improvement may, if necessary, be left to the future. A Park will, of course, be more beautiful if a great deal of money is spent upon it but it may not be as useful as if less were spent. If the people are allowed to roam at free will over the grass, the grass will soon be dead and bare spaces will appear, but these bare spaces covered by people are far more desirable than grass covered spaces with nobody around them. Twenty years ago it was the custom to turn a small space into a well groomed city square, now it is turned over to the children as a playground. I have no exact figures as to the acreage of parks owned by this city, but as far as I can judge our parks Committee have done excellent and far-seeing work and deserve all possible credit. An examination of park statistics in the United States shows the following averages:

One acre to each 200 of population. A cost of about \$2000 per acre for acquisition and construction. A cost of about \$20 per annum for the maintenance of each acre of park land. These figures indicate a charge of \$10 per capita for the acquisition and construction of parks and 60c per capita per annum for maintenance.

It is not always sufficiently realized to what an extent Park improvements are revenue producers. In this connection the report of the Madison, Wisconsin, Park and Pleasure Drive Association is interesting. "It was the conservative opinion of the citizens of Madison, qualified to judge, that two years ago the work of this Association added less than \$200,000 to the assessed value of the city. That there is now being turned into the city treasury in increased taxes by reason of this work not less than \$28,000 and the greatest financial benefit from the establishment of our drives, parks and playgrounds has yet to come."

In a letter to the secretary of the New York Park Association, Mr. W. H. Hamon, secretary of the Chicago Park Department, writes: "The immediate effect of parks upon the value of adjacent land was to double and quadruple property." But were the reverse true our duty would be equally clear, and we are fortunate that here in Edmonton those in authority are alive in this respect to their responsibilities even if perhaps their selection of the sites is not based upon any very comprehensive general plan as it should be."

Parks may be roughly divided into two categories: Rural and Central, and the Central again into (1) pleasure grounds and ornamental spots, (2) city playgrounds.

Improving Station Surroundings. In connection with category (1) a planning expert would, no doubt, have many suggestions to make. I have just one quotation to give in this connection, from a writer to the American Park and Outdoor Association: "I am satisfied," he says, "from considerable observation, in travel that nothing can do so much for or against creating a good impression of a town among travelling people as the conditions surrounding its railway station. With people who do not stop at the station it is practically their only glimpse at the town and for those who visit the place the first impression is usually the more lasting. Thus I believe that any wide awake town desiring to attract business and capital cannot do a more practical thing, from the commercial standpoint than along the lines of railway station improvement." Without comment I would commend that statement to the Civic section of the

(Continued on Page Ten.)

MR. INVESTOR—Just a few minutes' confidential talk with you. Were you ever able to buy anywhere lots within a mile of the limits of a city like Edmonton at \$90.00? If you are a person who has travelled or lived in some of our large cities you will know the way a city goes after it has reached its 30,000 mark. Previous to that it only learns to walk; afterwards it runs. The car line has been surveyed to pass this property in the near future. Now, you do not want to wait until that line has been built and the sidewalks down. If you do you will have to pay a big price for these lots. Get in before these things and get the benefit of the rise. Call in and let us tell you the special features connected with this popular subdivision. Let us drive you out; you do not have to buy.

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PARKS AND OPEN SPACES

(Continued from Page Nine)

Board of Trade and the people of this city generally.

With regard to city playgrounds, their arrangement and equipment is receiving special attention from all progressive municipalities. In many places, play-schools are established, and play instructors have the supervision and direction of games in the different playgrounds.

The more a playground combines different ages the better it will be. They attract each other. It is well that the family boys and girls, little children and parents should find interest in amusements together.

The fourteen new small parks in Chicago which combine play-grounds for little children, wading pools, indoor and outdoor gymnasiums for boys and men, and for girls and women respectively, ball fields, library and buildings in which clubs can meet, and dances can be held in the evening, and which have also, without using too much space for the purpose, a setting of shrubs and flowers, exemplify, I understand, the best general scheme yet evolved of what a playground should be.

A civic planning expert would no doubt have some most useful suggestions to make under this head, suitable to the probable development of our city.

Some Conclusions

In conclusion I would like to state the following propositions: That it is at least as necessary to have expert advice in the planning of a city as that of a city hall, a power house, or a sewage scheme.

That every year that passes without anything being done complicates the problem and renders the solution more costly and difficult, and during which time our natural advantages are frittered away and diminished. That even if we never go further in this matter than the preparation of a plan, the publicity resulting therefrom will more than repay the expense.

That our responsibility to the generations of those, whose health and happiness will depend on how this city is built, should inspire us at least to a serious consideration of this great world wide movement of organized civic planning, which is influencing practically all the progressive cities in both hemispheres.

THE INVESTOR.

(Continued from Page Nine.)

on its terminal facilities in Edmonton this summer. A \$40,000 addition will be made to the round house. The establishment of a daylight passenger service between Edmonton and Battleford is being considered. Second Vice-President Hanna stated the other day in Toronto that the C. N. R. would be operating from ocean to ocean in the autumn of 1914.

Fitzhugh, the second G. T. P. divisional point west of Edmonton, has been selected by the Dominion government as the townsite for Jasper Park. Mr. Howard Douglas, superintendent of Parks, will leave shortly for Fitzhugh to plan the lay out. Fitzhugh lies 116 miles from Edson and is 16 miles beyond the crossing of the Athabasca River.

Mr. D. B. Dowling has reported to the Geological Survey that he estimates that in an area of fourteen square miles in the immediate vicinity of Edmonton there is "a total available tonnage, if mined economically—that is without undue waste—of 680,000,000 tons." The coals of that vicinity are shown by analyses to be in the lignite class—sub-bituminous of the United States classification—which are excellent fuels for domestic and power purposes but require care in shipment and storage.

For a long while Edmonton stood at the bottom of the bunk clearing list, even for a considerable time after its figures began to go ahead. Then those who make the weekly summary came to the conclusion that this condition was permanent and the city went up a peg. In several months it has gone every week in excess of St. John and Halifax, and has passed Hamilton. Last week the figures stood: Edmonton \$1,914,602; Hamilton, \$1,881,602; Halifax, \$1,410,116; St. John, \$1,314,550. But it is still placed after these cities. Giving it its proper position it stands ninth in the order of commercial importance in the Dominion. Six other cities have established clearing houses since Edmonton did so, so there are ten which rank below it, with only eight above.

It has been known for some time that T. A. Burrows had plans for exploiting his large timber limits west of Edmonton. It is now reported that he will this season install three large lumber mills along the lines of the G.T. P.

Many survey parties are leaving Edmonton each week. A. H. Hawkins of Listowel, is to run a base line north of the Peace River. H. S. Holcroft will survey eight townships at the west end of Lesser Slave Lake. W. J. Francis will lay out the coal lands in the Brazeau district.

S. M. Shipley, of Seattle and E. W. Haines, of Forest Grove, Oregon, two large capitalists, have been visiting different Alberta points with a view to making investments.

A party of English capitalists, whose presence in Canada is said to be due to the C. N. R., recently went through to the Coast. They are headed by Sir Edward Tennant and the others include Mr. J. Leigh Wood, a member of the London banking house of Messrs. Brown, Shipley and Co., Mr. Marlborough E. Prior, the chairman of a leading London insurance company and famed in scientific circles as a chemist and entomologist; Mr. F. R. S. Balfour, of the London

stock broking firm of Messrs. Rowe and Pitman, which owns large interests in Canada; Mr. Ernest Ascon, M. I. C. E., a prominent mining engineer; and Mr. Alexander Brown, head of the well known hotel, Messrs. Brown, Shipley and Co. The visitors are accompanied by Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, a well known Toronto financier.

F. C. Austin, of Edmonton, has disposed of his ranch to Robert Ness, of Howick, Que., a prominent breeder of pure bred Ayrshire cattle, who is well known among the stock breeders in this province. Mr. Ness will take possession in about six weeks and will use the ranch for stock breeding purposes.

James McKernan reported to have sold his property at the corner of First and Sutherland streets, with a two storey house, for \$42,000. This is a record for First street property north of the C. N. R.

It is expected that work on the main building of the University of Alberta will be pushed forward this year.

Another Strathcona subdivision has sold at a large figure, A. E. Latimer selling Victoria Park, southeast of the city limits for \$50 an acre. The Sterling Securities Co., representing outside capitalists, were the purchasers. Mr. Latimer bought four years ago for \$75 an acre.

The net earnings of Winnipeg's street railway for the last thirteen years, 1903 missing, were recently published. The figures need no comment—

1898	\$ 53,498
1899	72,115
1900	109,537
1901	136,181
1902	185,107
1903	
1904	403,682
1905	544,021
1906	714,341
1907	1,172,222
1908	1,303,056
1909	1,303,056
1910	1,023,594

William S. Hare, General Western Canada agent for Kynochs, Limited, in Montreal and Winnipeg, was a visitor in Alton last week and made several purchases of town property. Mr. Hare refused to discuss his mission more than to say that he was taking a flyer at some real estate investments, but the Alton Free Press suggests the possibility of the establishment of a Kynochs branch there.

John Lineham of Okotoks is going to erect a \$60,000 apartment house on the corner of Sixth Ave. and Centre St., west Calgary. The building will have 110 rooms and an area 70 by 40.

R. McLennan is leaving for the Peace River block to locate 200,000 acres of farm and ranch land for Edmonton and eastern capitalists.

An article in Canadian Collier's is of very decided interest to those who follow the ups and downs of townships. In reading it one cannot but be struck with the fact on how better a basis a town in an agricultural community stands than one which is dependent on mining activity.

"British Columbia," we are told, "shows the best examples of dead towns, for mining is proverbially an industry liable to slump for a great many causes; the ore may play out, may never have been there, or the manipulation of stocks may demand decrease of output. Lumbering may also play out from many reasons. Railway construction in the mountains also necessitates large supply centres for which there is no further need when the line is built. From these causes there have been built a number of British Columbia towns that are now mere names, or even the names may have been lost and forgotten."

"Who knows where Niagara, British Columbia, is or was? Yet it had some thirteen hundred people once. It was a few miles north of the smelter town of Grand Forks, and gained a brief notoriety of the kind prevalent in that class of place by an incendiary fire, with several lives lost, and a shooting affray. It died when the North Fork branch of the railroad, then and since known as the Hot Air Line, was built as far as hot air could develop eastern funds. It is so completely gone now though less than ten years have elapsed since it was flourishing, that there are still disputes in the district as to where it stood."

"About twenty miles down the main valley from the site of deserted city of Cascade. Here a hotel with some reputation as a summer resort, two small stores, and three occupied houses are living witnesses to a place that once had a daily paper, some foundations covered with blackened ruins point to insured premises that went up in smoke, and on a flat a little lower are some tumble-down shacks that were the red-light district of these places consider necessary to a live town. The place was the headquarters for railroad building through and over the mountains from Nelson. At the summit of the range the construction of one of the highest lines that has been built in Canada, naturally involved some big rock cutting to allow for the drop into the valley at Cascade. Here was an ideal site for a town, and a town-site firm got it to exploit. The construction camps made business enough to justify the boom for a while, and a big club building testifies to the habits and the dreams of the exploiters. If a curious visitor pokes around, let him beware of rattlesnakes, for there are plenty there. Not far away is the city of Brooklyn, of which not even so much as this remains."

"There is a curious interest in exploring these dead towns, but perhaps their chief interest should be to serve as a warning to investors to see upon what foundation the boom stands before letting exploiters have their good money."

OSTEOPATHY—THE INSTITUTION

Osteopathy was discovered by Andrew Taylor Still, M. D., at Baldwin, Kansas, in 1873. He was a physician and surgeon of the allopathic school and was a surgeon of the Union army throughout the Civil War. The first College of Osteopathy was founded in 1893. There are now eight active Colleges of Osteopathy in the United States, located in such cities as Los Angeles, San Francisco, Des Moines, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and Kirksville, Missouri, Los Angeles being the location of two of these colleges.

The minimum requirements of these Colleges for graduation are three years of study of nine months each, a fourth being optional with the student. Every subject taught in a Medical College is taught in an Osteopathic College, with the exception of materia medica, but with the theory and practice of Osteopathy added. There are more students in one Osteopathic College than in any one Medical College in the United States, but one.

There have been about 7000 Osteopathic Physicians graduated from these recognized colleges. The state of Vermont was the first to legalize the practice of Osteopathy in 1896. Osteopathy is now recognized as a science of healing by legislative enactment in forty-nine states of the U. S. A. Osteopathic Physicians may be found in all parts of the world, in such European cities as London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Berlin and many others. The profession has a good representation in large cities of Eastern Canada as well.

Explanatory of the basic principles of Osteopathy, it is maintained that it is a science based on natural law. It is the practical application of anatomy and physiology.

Its essential principle is readjustment or the removal of obstruction to the fluids and forces of the body. The osteopath compares man with a machine and teaches that when the frame and the organs are properly adjusted, and the nerves and blood vessels free from impingement, with reasonable care, every organ and gland will perform its function perfectly as God intended. Osteopathy has demonstrated conclusively that the spine is the foundation upon which man is built, and to be strong and healthy, man must have a strong and healthy spine; in other words, the spine must be correctly adjusted, be normally flexible and free from aches, pains and tenderness. This fact is apparent when we recall that all the nerves controlling function of organs, sensation and motion of the body issue from the spinal column. The nerves of the head and face, alone, having their centre of nerve energy distribution in the brain. The Osteopath readjusts the spine and the Thorax, replaces propped organs, relaxes contracted muscles, relieves congestion, and stimulates or inhibits nerve centres as the condition demands.

A suite of offices have recently been opened by Ghostly and Albright, graduated and experienced "Osteopathic Physicians, for the maintenance of a thoroughly scientific standard of practice in this line of professional service.

Nice lot in West End. One block from Jasper. Over-looking prettiest ravine in Edmonton.

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Evanston

A beautifully located high class residential property lying high and dry and overlooking the whole of the City. A unique opportunity to make a most profitable investment.

This splendid residential property situated on the North side of Alberta Avenue between Seventh and Thirteenth Streets offers an exceptional opportunity to the small capitalist to make a really first class investment.

It has been well said that nothing succeeds like success - it is also true that nothing makes money like money - except real estate.

Evanston is *gilt - edged* as an investment and will return its fortunate holder a rate of interest far in excess of that ever paid by any financial or commercial undertaking.

Real Estate as an investment has many advantages - it cannot run away, it cannot be stolen, it cannot be destroyed and it cannot go insolvent. All these advantages apply with great force to Evanston.

Evanston is destined to be one of the best and most popular residential suburbs of the City. Beautifully located, inasmuch it gives one all the many benefits of a country residence and at the same time is *only ten minutes* car ride from the business portion of the City, lying high and dry - so high as to afford a complete view of the whole city to the South - it has advantages that cannot help but make it very popular. Its success as a homesite is already assured and for this reason its success as an investment is also assured.

It is generally expected that the near future will see the street car line extended from the present terminus in the

Groat Estate, northwards to Alberta Avenue then eastwards to connect up with the present system at the corner of Kirkness and Alberta Avenues. Add to this the fact that the Interurban Railway is expected to run the full length of First Street and it will be easily seen that at no distant date Evanston will be *only ten minutes* car ride from the centre of the City.

Let the future work for you, by investing in Evanston. Buy a parcel of lots now - *to day* - while prices are rock bottom. Next year your investment will have earned a big increase, it will go on increasing year by year and net you larger and still larger returns.

Prices are bound to go up - there are not sufficient lots to keep them at their present figure - remember there are only 650 lots. That has been the record of our Calgary and Lethbridge properties and what has happened there will assuredly happen in Edmonton.

Recent years have brought big fortunes to those far sighted enough to invest in well situated suburban property and we believe the same good fortune awaits those who invest in Evanston *to day*. Evanston is so admirably situated and lays so beautifully high and dry that its success cannot be doubted for one single moment.

Invest your hard earned savings to day - invest them in lots in Evanston and let the future work for you. Do it now - to day - for, remember "to-morrow never comes."

F. C. LOWES

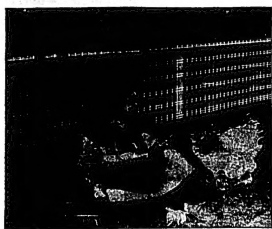
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Owing to a large increase in business, and lack of space to carry on the same

The National Blend Tea Co.

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After March 27th

We will be located on the Corner of Fraser and Helmick Street on the south-east corner of the new Hay Market, only one block west of our present location.

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Newest Thing in the World of Fashion

The "demi-cro" in women's apparel is the asbestos frock, made of mineral, absolutely fireproof, soft and absolutely fireproof, soft and pliant, with the sheen of moonlight in its folds. Now My Lady may go forth to conquer in a dress finer in texture and luster than the finest linen, and know that she is frocked in a material which was until recently resting in the bosom of the earth, a fabric which will last indefinitely because it is spun from serpentine rock.

The chorus girls and ballet dancers of the American and Parisian stages are enthusiastic in regard to the new material, and declare that their frocks made of asbestos are fluffier in weight, more finely delicate and much more durable than the old reliable, tulle and gauze.

In 1910 the population of the earth was 1,522,700,000. Rather a stupendous figure for the average person to comprehend, isn't it? Here is another way of looking at it.

The circumference of the earth is, roughly speaking, 25,000 miles, or 132,000,000 feet. If all the inhabitants of the earth were placed side by side—allowing each person to take up one foot of space—they would make a line that would reach round the world of its widest part more than 11 times.

And everyone of this mass of people must be clothed, it's imperative, you know. And they have been wearing silk, wool, cotton and linen since the day Eve set the fashion in fig leaves.

These materials cannot, in the course of nature, last forever. The population of the earth is increasing much more rapidly than does the silk worm, or the sheep or the flax and cotton crops. The demand is far exceeding the supply and fears were entertained that the supply would be exhausted in the comparatively near future, perhaps in our generation.

Indeed, for some time the manufacturers have been busy themselves in the art of working over these materials that sufficient could be put on the market to supply the trade. If this method were not followed the very poor would have, of necessity to go without clothing.

It has been the custom for many years to collect the old cast-off rags of clothing, clean them, put them into big machines which pull the fibres apart, re-spin the threads, and make new materials out of the rags picked up in the alleys of our cities. Thus old rags of wool and linen so old as to seem worthless are machine cleaned and reworked until they reappear on the market. This process may be gone through with at least four times when on the market apparently as good as the final result is known as "shoddy."

It's not the cleanest way in the world to obtain our clothing and the fastidious person is rather averse to the idea that he is wearing clothing made of discarded rags, formerly worn by some disease infested beggar. If only one person has already worn out the suit you are now wearing, you may consider yourself lucky.

But the discovery of asbestos as a material for clothing puts an end to this scheme of filth and unsanitary conditions. Asbestos is an absolutely clean mineral, whose glossy fibres are separated and cleaned till they are perfect. Then the mineral is spun and woven until it appears in the final process as a web of cloth, sheer, durable and beautiful.

The world has forged to the front in inventions in every line but dress until very recently when the practicality of asbestos, pine needles and cactus plants were demonstrated as materials from which clothing could be made. Till these materials were exploited we were satisfied to dress in the same fabrics which satisfied the ancients.

In this field of invention there is scope for innumerable discoveries. The yellow pine needles are used in Oregon and California, and the result is very satisfactory, though the fabric is a little stiff and wiry, but very picturesque.

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"But only one side of the picture is generally shown. I am no pessimist, and far from wishing to run down the country that has given me work, food and shelter, I for one, cry content; am today more in love than ever with the life and country, and have only one regret—that I did not tear myself from an artificial and unsatisfactory life years ago."

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Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
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And come now, as the end is near.

R. H. GRAVES & CO.

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(McDougall Ave., south of Jasper)

Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Graniteware in every variety of shape and size. A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts and exceptional oven. A No. 7 sells at \$12.50. Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11. A No. 13. A No. 15. Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs only. A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress. An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$250.00 will sell for \$100.00. A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, brood in every part for \$25.00. Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$25.00. Wash Stand for \$25.00. All Wool 7 lb. Blankets at \$25.00. Flannel Sheets. Building Paper, Tar Paper. Toilet Sets. Horse Rugs, from \$5.00.

Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes. The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see and if you have anything to sell call up 1336.

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The National Blend Tea Co.

Has been obliged to remove to larger and more Suitable Quarters

After March 27th

We will be located on the Corner of Fraser and Helmick Street on the south-east corner of the New Hay Market, only one block west of our present location.

IF YOU LIKE A REALLY DELICIOUS CUP OF TEA OR COFFEE

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THE ASBESTOS FROCK

Newest Thing in the World of Fashion

The "desiderium" in women's apparel is the asbestos frock, made of mineral, absolutely fireproof, soft and absolutely fireproof, soft and pliant, with the sheen of moonlight in its folds. Now My Lady may go forth to conquer in a dress finer in texture and luster than the finest linen, and know that she is frocked in a material which was until recently resting in the bosom of the earth, a fabric which will last indefinitely because it is spun from serpentine rock.

The chorus girls and ballet dancers of the American and Parisian stages are enthusiastic in regard to the new material, and declare that their frocks made of asbestos are fluffier in weight, more finely delicate and much more durable than the old reliable, tulle and gauze.

In 1910 the population of the earth was 1,552,700,000. Rather a stupendous figure for the average person to comprehend, isn't it? Here is another way of looking at it.

The circumference of the earth is, roughly speaking, 25,000 miles, or 132,000,000 feet. If all the inhabitants of the earth were placed side by side—allowing each person to take up one foot of space—they would make a line that would reach round the world at its widest part more than 11 times.

And everyone of this mass of people must be clothed, it's imperative, you know. And they have been wearing silk, wool, cotton and linen since the day Eve set the fashion in fig leaves.

These materials cannot, in the course of nature, last forever. The population of the earth is increasing much more rapidly than does the silk worm, or the sheep or the flax and cotton crops. The demand is far exceeding the supply and fears were entertained that the supply would be exhausted in the comparatively near future, perhaps in our generation.

Indeed, for some time the manufacturers have been busying themselves in the art of working over these materials that sufficient could be put on the market to supply the trade. If this method were not followed the very poor would have, of necessity, to go without clothing.

It has been the custom for many years to collect the old cast-off rags of clothing, clean them, put them into big machines which pull the fibres apart, re-spin the threads, and make new materials out of the rags picked up in the alleys of cities. Thus old rags of wool and linen so old as to seem wool and linen again, machine picked and reworked until they disappear. This process may be gone through with at least four times when on the market apparently as good as the final result is known as "shoddy."

It's not the cleanest way in the world to obtain our clothing and the fastidious person is rather averse to the idea that he is wearing clothing made of discarded rags, formerly worn by some disease-infested beggar. If only one person has already worn out the suit you are now wearing, you may consider yourself lucky. But the discovery of asbestos as a material for clothing puts an end to this scheme of filth and unsanitary conditions. Asbestos is an absolutely clean mineral, whose glossy fibres are separated and cleaned till they are perfect. Then the mineral is spun and woven until it appears in the final process as a web of cloth, sheer, durable and beautiful.

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Accounts may be opened for small sums, from \$1 and upwards. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates, from date of deposit. All the facilities and safety of a bank in the service of our depositors.
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